

Christmas Number—Beautiful Halftones in Color.

DECEMBER

1900.

Broadway

Magazine

10

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Photo portrait of Anita Austin, by R. L. Curran. Design by George McGovern. Engraved by Hopkins.

RUDYARD KIPLING ON AMERICAN GIRLS.

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HARVARD UNIVERSITY

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE CZARINA
OF RUSSIA.



ANITCHKOFF PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 6, 1894.—"Her Majesty, Empress Marie Feodorovna, finding great benefit from the use of your Tonic-Wine, requests that a case of 50 bottles Vin Mariani be sent immediately, addressed to Her Majesty the Empress."

By Order of the Court Physician.

VIN MARIANI,

Mariani Wine, gives power to the brain, strength and elasticity to the muscles and richness to the blood. It is a promoter of good health and longevity. It makes the old young, keeps the young strong. Mariani Wine is indorsed by more than 8,000 American physicians. It is specially recommended for General Debility, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption and Malaria.

Are You Worn Out ?

TRY

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE,

The World Famous Tonic
for Body and Brain.

Mariani Wine is invaluable for overworked men, delicate women and sickly children. It stimulates, strengthens and sustains the system, and braces body and brain.

VIN MARIANI AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

A most refreshing cooling, and at same time strengthening, drink is Vin Mariani taken with carbonic or soda water. Specially recommended to overworked business men, ladies when shopping, brainworkers, and all who are debilitated. It overcomes lassitude, and is helpful in the many summer complaints.

Vin Mariani taken with chipped or scraped ice is also most refreshing, and renders beneficial aid in exhaustion during hot or debilitating weather.

SPECIAL OFFER:—To those who will kindly write, mentioning this publication, to MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th Street, New York City, will be sent, free, book containing portraits with indorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops and other distinguished personages indorsing Vin Mariani.

Paris: 41 Boulevard Haussmann. London: 83 Mortimer Street.
Montreal: 87 St. James St.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS
OF WALES.



"It is well known that the Princess of Wales derived increased strength of brains and nerves from Vin Mariani, during her last great trials."—*London Court Journal*, Jan. 12, 1895.



MAZIE FOLLETTE.—Photo by Sarony, New York.

Beautiful Buds of Broadway.



Copyright, 1900, by C. A. Zimmerman.

ANITA BRIDGER,

the dainty young woman who plays *Japonica*, the Japanese girl, in Broadhurst's
"The House that Jack Built" Company.

HYPOCRISY.

CHAUNCEY—Boss, I'm a mizzable hyper-crit.

CITIZEN—How so?

CHAUNCEY—I look like t'irty cents, an' I ain't got it.

CONVALESCENT.

MRS. MCGINNIS—How is Rafferty gittin' along afther bein' blown up be thot blasht?

MCGINNIS—Wull, he's out an' around now, but his face is shtill in the hands av dhe docthor.

Beautiful Buds of Broadway.



Falk

THE WALLACE ASTORIA
NEW YORK

From a photo by B. J. Falk, New York.

A STUNNING ART-PHOTO OF MARGUERITE SYLVA.

This picture of the gleaming-teethed and raven-haired actress is so nearly like a portrait in oil that one might easily suppose it to be something more than a mere camera production.

Not only is the pose suggestive of the classic, but there are also a softness and general brush effect seldom found in photographs. Miss Sylva's style of beauty is peculiarly suited to this style of portraiture.

Beautiful Buds of Broadway.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

ESTELLE WENTWORTH, COMEDIENNE, FROM HER LATEST PICTURE.

HOLDING HANDS.

BY KATE MASTERSON.

THERE were two young men calling on her that evening. But there might have been only one—the chap who could read palms. The other fellow played on the piano, with his foot on the soft pedal. He wondered what he had come for.

"You have a remarkable life line," said

the palmist, turning her hand toward the lamp, "with wonderful imaginative faculties. You will love but once and then deeply and constantly."

She looked pensively at him.

"Yours is a nature," he went on, "finely organized, highly artistic, with great pos-

Beautiful Buds of Broadway.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

MILDRED DEVERE, FROM HER LATEST PICTURE.

sibilities for self-sacrifice and noble endeavor. You win hearts easily. Your life's romance will be like an idyllic fairy tale."

She sighed flutteringly.

"Your aims are high," he said, peering at her pink palm through a magnifying glass; "you could never by any chance harbor a base or unworthy motive. You are delightfully sympathetic; fond of music, flowers and poetry."

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "You see right through me!"

He looked into her eyes and said nothing. She blushed and gently drew away her hand, which he had forgotten to release.

The young man at the piano felt the pause

and began to play "The Boy Guessed Right the Very First Time," with a rag-time variation.

Going home later, he said to his chum: "Say, old man, when did you manage to study palmistry?"

The other fellow looked pityingly at him. "I never studied it," he said; "I don't know the first thing about it."

"Well, I'll be blessed!" said his chum.

"At least," said the palmist, "I simply know this. It's the only way in which a fellow can, with propriety, hold a girl's hand for half an hour and make the biggest kind of a hit with her ten minutes after he's met her for the first time."

Beautiful Buds of Broadway.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

GEORGIA WELLES, OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE STOCK COMPANY, NEW YORK.

SHE LIKES OUR COVERS!

BOSTON, Oct. 27.

Dear BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

Being a subscriber to your bright magazine, and also an admirer of your very fetching photos of favorite stage beauties, I venture to tell you of the novel manner in which your monthly editions have been used. I have a very handsome border in my room

formed by the covers of your books. It is greatly admired here by many of my friends, and I think it safe to say that BROADWAY MAGAZINE in Boston will be eagerly sought if only for the pretty covers. The October number is very conspicuous. May we hope that these artistic pictures will continue to appeal to the fancy of your many other subscribers?

A BOSTON GIRL.



CHRISTMAS MENU 1900

H, Reader, peruse our pages and you will find, folioed as best suits the convenience of the editor, the following collection of literary and pictorial features:

Rudyard Kipling on the American Girl.
"Ananias at the Lambs' Club," by Perry Whit-

ing.
"To the Lips That Are Merriest," by Gordon

Palmer.
Advice to American Mothers, by the Editor.

Drawings by De Bernbruch, Marriner, Kemble,
Eddy, and Dirks.

Sixteen Art Pages of Beautiful Half-
tones on Special Coated Paper.

Twenty-five Pages of Stage Favorites.
Broadway Sketches, by Archie Gunn.

The Girl About Town.
Figures in the Season's Dramas.

And many other things that you
will not find in any other magazine.



Broadway Magazine.



**BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S
CALENDAR
DECEMBER 1900**

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
2	3	4	5	6	7	1
9	10	11	12	13	14	8
16	17	18	19	20	21	15
23	24	25	26	27	28	22
30	31					29

CHRISTMAS

Photo by Gibson Art Galleries, Chicago, Ill.

GRACE CAMERON.



Edwin Francis Edggett

137

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Broadway Magazine.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 8.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST POLICE DEPARTMENT.*

THAT IS TO SAY, THE POLICE FORCE OF GREATER NEW YORK.

By WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE.

LEASING
TY
DITORS.

WHEN a New York newspaper reporter is sent out to investigate a "police outrage" he generally manages to write half a column of abuse of the finest police force in the world, and the city editors gobble the stuff as something that will strongly appeal to newspaper readers.

The average stay-at-home citizen cannot realize how often the man of the night-stick is called upon to display qualities which in a soldier would be called heroic.

His feats in saving life or in arresting dangerous criminals, alone and at night, attract no special attention when mentioned in the newspapers; but they often imply just as much courage as is needed upon the field of battle.

HE RANK
ND FILE.

The men, rank and file, of the Greater New York Police Department, represent all the different creeds and different race origins that go to the make-up of our stock; but they are all good Americans who pay no heed to difference of creed or race, but who have the main idea of knowing their duty and doing it.

They not only preserve order, the first essential of both liberty and civilization, but to a large portion of our population they stand as the embodiment as well as the representative of the law of the land. To the average dweller in a tenement-house district, especially if born abroad, the policeman is in his own person all that there is of government: he is judiciary, executive and legislature, constitution and town meeting.

HE MOUNTED
MEN.

The mounted men, a-horse and a-wheel, have many opportunities to distinguish themselves in stopping runaways, and the

clever "stunts" done by the department's horsemen and wheelmen, show not only extraordinary skill and proficiency, but extraordinary daring as well.

Not long ago a mounted officer captured a runaway horse by the forelock, the animal in the smash-up having broken the headstall. Seizing the frightened thoroughbred by the forelock, the officer guided him for over half a mile, finally forcing him into a wagonshed.

FLYING
WONDERS.

The members of the bicycle squad are flying wonders, when at work, and they are able to perform any feat of daring that can be accomplished on the wheel. They frequently stop runaways, wheeling alongside of them, grasping the horses while going at full speed; and, what is even more remarkable, they manage not only to overtake, but to jump into a vehicle and capture those who are guilty of reckless driving. Choosing his time, the bicycle policeman gets alongside the horse, seizing the bit in his left hand and keeping his right on the crossbar of the wheel.

By degrees he then gets the animal under control. He never fails to stop it, and, as a rule, he never loses his wheel.

Of course, other qualities must go with courage, and it may often happen that the best man for a position will earn his promotion in spite of the fact that no opportunity is thrown in his way to show his hardihood or physical powers.

MORE
THAN
POLITICS.

An alert, active, hardworking patrolman, possessed of intelligence and resolution, and fit to bear responsibility, stands a better chance for promotion under the present sys-

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—Whenever a tough is beaten into subjection, a masher is told to move on, or a millionaire is arrested for breaking the laws that no poor man could ignore, New York's "Finest" (and this is no meaningless term) is hauled over the coals, and everyone from Chief to the patrolman is called a bully, a cutthroat and a coward. During elections, and before and after them, too, the Chief, his staff and the general force are arraigned as petty politicians, and nothing is left undone to demoralize the greatest constabulary on earth. Notwithstanding this fact (and my knowledge is based on years of experience with police reporting in New York and other cities), I assert unhesitatingly that New York's Police Department is to day the greatest in the world; that Chief Devery is a policeman first, last and all the time, and is noted for his bravery; that Chief McClusky is able and brilliant to a degree, and that the entire energies of the force are now and have been for years devoted to the putting down of riots, the catching of thieves, the discovery of murderers and the protection of our citizens; that where, as it must be the case with an army of over seven thousand men, there are individual cases of dishonesty, these instances only throw out in a stronger light the general efficiency and uprightness of the force. I mention these few facts for the benefit of those gentle reformers who believe that policemen should wear white kid gloves and Tuxedos, and read "Pilgrim's Progress" on their off days. Hence, too, Mr. Crane has been instructed to write "The World's Greatest Police Department."



Photo by Rockwood, New York.

WILLIAM S. DEVERY,
Chief of the Greater New York Police Force.

tem than "practical" politics gave him some years ago. And I announce this in the face of those who say that politics runs the force.

The best results from patrol work can be obtained only under a system that will allow inter-communication between officers in station-houses and the men on the various posts; and when the department perfects this system work will be made much easier for the men, and will put the department leagues—

whereas now it is miles—ahead of the organizations of London and Paris.

Roughly speaking, it costs about \$11,000,000 per annum to run the Police Department of Greater New York, nearly 7,500 men being on its pay-roll, the ratio of police to population being about one to every 560 inhabitants. Up to date the number of patrolmen is 6,361, distributed among 85 precincts, the sub-precincts included.

**7.500
MEN O.
PAY-RO**



GEORGE W. McCLUSKY,
Chief of Greater New York's Central Detective Bureau.

The mounted men number 261. The bicycle squad numbers 115. There are 326 detective sergeants. On an average the department recovers over \$900,000 worth of property every year.

The daily average of sick men is only about 260; in fact, experience has shown that the conditions under which police live in station-houses, with irregular hours for sleep and meals, has a tendency to make

many of them grow fat, which demonstrates that even under unsanitary and non-hygienic conditions they can take care of themselves.

Of the many squads, besides the famous Broadway Squad, celebrated the world over for its magnificent *personnel*, men equal to the Royal Irish Constabulary, or the Northwest Mounted Police, in point of physique and bearing, and numbering 100 men, the department has Boiler, Health, and Tense-

**THE
FAMOUS
BROADWAY
SQUAD.**



BERNARD J. YORK,
President of the Board of Police Commissioners of Greater New York.

ment. house Squads. The Forty-second Precinct is the home of the Harbor Police, and the Eighty-first Precinct is the wharfage of the Steamboat Squad.

The river fronts of the Great City are patrolled by naphtha launches, while the fleet "Patrol," the department's steamer, with a full complement of 75 men, is ever ready for any "harbor emergency."

A word of praise is due the Telegraph and Telephone Bureaus, the best organized corps in the world.

The improvement in the efficiency of the force goes hand in hand with the improvement as to honesty. The men in uniform and the men in plain clothes do better work than ever before, for the aggregate of cases where punishment follows the commission of the crime increases, while the aggregate of cases where the criminal escapes unpunished decreases. By the carefully planned precinct system, when a general alarm is sent out from Headquarters, the criminal is enmeshed, as it were, in a vast web of espionage; every man going out on duty has his description, and the chances of escape are indeed slight.

In the Nineteenth, or Tenderloin Precinct, that district bounded on the north by Forty-second Street, and on the south by Fourteenth Street, and extending from Fourth to Seventh Avenues, so ably pre-

people, putting them to bed before they had time to destroy property or kill anybody.

The Hon. Bernard J. York, and his fellow Police Commissioners, Messrs. Jacob Hess, John B. Sexton, and Henry E. Abell, have worked hard to put the department on its present high plane of efficiency.

At No. 300 Mulberry Street, Police Headquarters, the Chief of Police, William S. Devery, with his deputies, Moses W. Cartwright, and Patrick H. and William W. McLaughlin, operate the big machine, with the assistance of ten Inspectors.

The same building houses the famous Detective Bureau of New York, and its Chief, Captain George W. McClusky, whose knowledge of "crooks" is encyclopedic and whose numerous staff of shrewd detectives is polyglottous in its make-up, men of many nationalities being represented. Incidentally, Captain McClusky is young and enthusiastic, but already has the reputation of being the shrewdest head of a detective force this country has ever known. He has earned promotion by merit and actual work done.

In fact, the New York Police Force, in its ethnic make-up, is a very fair representative of the Great City, and indeed of the whole United States, for it includes masses of men of very distinct national origins and therein lies the secret of its greatness.

sided over by Captain Thomas, the writer has seen some of the swiftest arrests on record. Be the game "badger," "flim-flam," or "knock-out drops," or be the trick absolutely new, when the Captain gets to work with Ward Detectives Lockwood, Sheehan, Glennon, Barry, *et al.*, the dragnet never fails to bring in a catch.

The wonderful efficiency of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Precincts was clearly demonstrated last summer during the so-called "race riots," when Chief Devery, assisted by Inspector Walter Thompson, and his immediate staff, took the reserves of these two precincts and successfully handled a wild mob of 2,000

THE
POLICE
COMMISSIONERS

CHIEF
DEVERY
AND HIS
STAFF.

CAPTAIN
McCLUSKY
OF THE
DETECTIVE
BUREAU

To Sum
It Up.

As To
HONESTY.

THE
TENDER-
LOIN
PRECINCT



Ella Devine, soprano.
Pauline Johnson, soprano.

Lillian Kayser, soprano.
Frances Golden, soprano.

Cora Williams, mezzo-soprano.
Helen Kerr, contralto.

SIX PROMINENT PUPILS OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OPERA.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OPERA.

BY GORDON S. SUTTON.

IT is an encouraging sign of artistic development when it becomes necessary to establish on high art, though practical, grounds, a great institution that has for its principal object the training of voices for grand opera and the concert stage on plans as large as those of the chief institutions in the great musical centers of Europe. It is

now no longer necessary to go to Paris or Berlin or Vienna for a technical and finished musical education. This is due to the new American School of Opera, which cannot fail to be of interest to readers of BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

The American School of Opera is the only institution in this country designed for the

The American School of Opera.

purpose of giving a thorough and practical education in opera repertoire in English. The school desires to be of artistic service in the operatic world, and will candidly ad-

vise all applicants as to their abilities and chances for success. With its special advantages, and to maintain its reputation, it is to the interest of the school to keep up the highest standard of results and the rank of its graduates. The faculty is composed of instructors especially fitted, by their experience and connections, for the various departments under their control, and they are endorsed by, have the patronage of, and direct connection with all the principal English opera organizations and managers before the public.

All the instructions are given in the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, where the school has a complete stage and theatre, assembly rooms, and a fine large gymnasium fitted with dressing-rooms and baths. The large reception-room on the ground floor is always open to friends and artists interested in the school. The school is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and is under the patronage of the following prominent opera companies and managers:



1. William G. Stewart, General Director. 2. Egon Marwig, Dancing Instructor and Director of Department.
3. A. W. F. McCollin, Stage Director. 4. Herman Perlet, Musical Director.

FOUR OF THE FACULTY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OPERA.

Henry W. Savage, of the Grau-Savage Opera Company and the Castle Square Opera Companies; Ben Stevens, the Bostonians; Francis Wilson Opera Company, Alice Neilsen Opera Company, Frank L. Perley, and Rudolph Aronson.

The Board of Directors consists of:

Wm. G. Stewart, S. C. Bennett, W. H. MacDonald, Ben Teal, A. Y. Cornell, and William O. Wolfe, Secretary.

The faculty of the school are the very best that can be obtained for the various departments, and all are directly connected with the best organizations and in active operatic work.

William G. Stewart, General Director of the American School of Opera, is the leading baritone of the "Foxy Quiller," the new opera recently presented by the Klaw & Erlanger Opera Company, at the Broadway Theatre. Mr. Stewart has been for the past few years General Director of the Castle Square Companies, and won well-merited success as the principal baritone.

Herman Perlet, Musical Director, is one of the most competent men in the musical field to-day, and has been with the Strakosch Company, D'Oyly Carte and other prominent organizations, and has written many compositions that have become popular with the public. He is at present director of the Peter Dailey Company in "Hodge, Podge & Co."

A. W. F. MacCollin, Stage Instructor, has been with Henry W. Savage the past four seasons, and staged the first productions of operas of the Castle Square Companies in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago. His experience has been of the best and broadest. During the four years with the Castle Square Company he has successfully produced one hundred and fifty-two operas, the largest number to the credit of any stage director. Mr. MacCollin has charge of the classes in individual and ensemble work, and his long experience as instructor is a sufficient guarantee that this department will be well cared for.

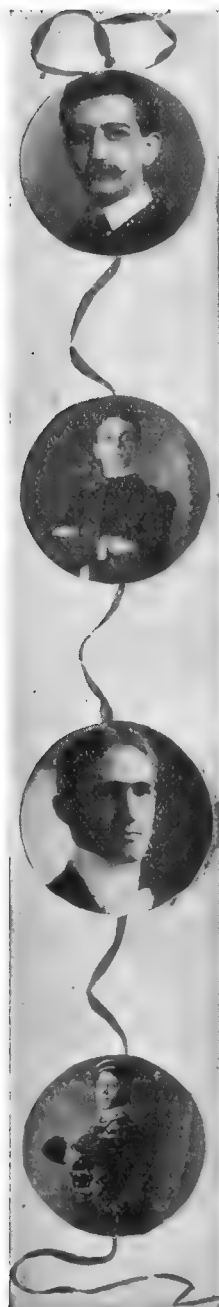
Mr. S. C. Bennett, is the Choral Director. Mr. Bennett has been for many years engaged in operatic work, and is a vocal teacher of prominence.

Mr. Egon Marwig, Director of Dancing and Deportment, is one of the best known dancing-masters of the country, and has charge of all the New York Theatre and Casino ballet productions.

Mr. Louis S  nac, Fencing Master, is too well known to require any special comments.

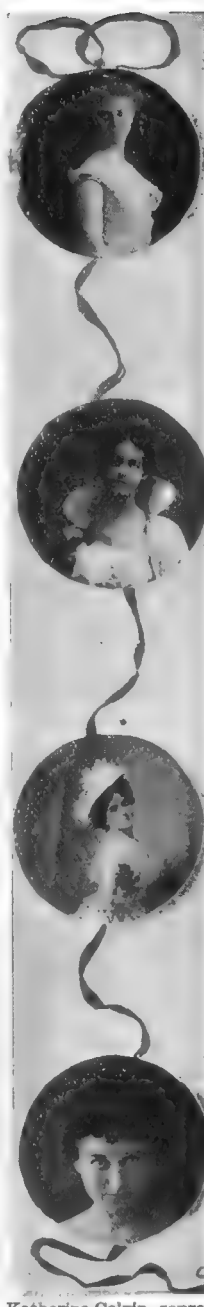
The name of Max Bendix, Orchestra Director, will always be linked in memory with the famous Thomas Orchestra, for it was he, as many will remember, who, after the sudden retirement of Theodore Thomas, took up the arduous duty of director, gaining many laurels at the World's Fair.

The vocal instructors of the school are:



Andreas Schneider, baritone.
Dewitt Mott, baritone.
Walter H. Wheatley, tenor.
Iver Anderson, tenor.

FOUR MALE MEMBERS
OF SCHOOL.



Katherine Colvin, soprano.
Adele Rafter, contralto.
Beatrice Fine, soprano.
Shannah Cumming, soprano.

FOUR LADY MEMBERS
OF SCHOOL.



Matthew S. Holmes, one of the promising baritones of the school.

A. A. Pattou, Oscar Saenger, Laura Moore, A. Y. Cornell, F. X. Arens, Anna Lankow, Edmund J. Meyer, Marie Seymour Bissell, Mme. Louise Dotti, Theo. J. Toedt, Nora Maynard Green, Herbert W. Greene, Emma Howson, Max Bendheim, Dudley Buck, Jr., Arthur D. Woodruff, Lena Doria Devine.

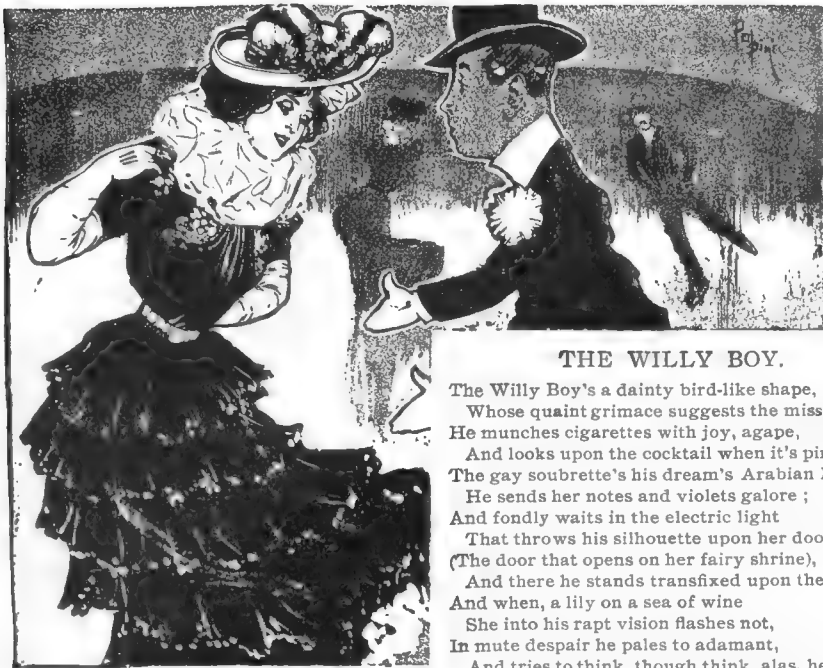
Miss Adele Rafter, a contralto, and one

of the school's senior class, was engaged last month for the principal contralto rôle by the Bostonians. The Metropolitan English Grand Opera Company has established a scholarship in the school, and the successful applicant this season is Miss Leonore Krum, a soprano of great promise. She will become a member of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company next season.

Public matinée performances are given in the theatre every month.

The first class in the school is made up of excellent material and fine voices, and includes in its roster the following sopranos: Shannah Cumming, Beatrice Fine, Katherine Colvin, Pauline Johnson, Frances Golden, Lillian Kayser, Nora Wetmore, and Ella Devine. The contraltos are Helen S. Kerr, Adele Rafter, Jean Lyman Cooper, Cora Williams, and Esther Pritchard. The tenors are Walter H. Wheatley, Iver Anderson, and Evan Williams, while the baritone section claims Dewitt Mott, Matthew S. Holmes, Allen C. Hinckley, and Gwilym Miles.

And there in its entirety you have an organization of which musical New York and America should feel justly proud, for it means that our claims as an artistic people must be recognized, and that our standing has made possible the foundation and the continuance of the American School of Opera.



THE WILLY BOY.

The Willy Boy's a dainty bird-like shape,
Whose quaint grimace suggests the missing link.
He munches cigarettes with joy, agape,
And looks upon the cocktail when it's pink.
The gay soubrette's his dream's Arabian Night;
He sends her notes and violets galore;
And fondly waits in the electric light
That throws his silhouette upon her door
(The door that opens on her fairy shrine),
And there he stands transfixed upon the spot.
And when, a lily on a sea of wine
She into his rapt vision flashes not,
In mute despair he pales to adamant,
And tries to think, though think, alas, he can't.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



THE QUEEN OF THE HAREM.

We call her "The Queen of the Harem."
But she doesn't mind that in the least,
So long as we pay for her luncheons—
A bird and a bottle the feast.
Her tastes, we have found, are expensive,
And the bill a man's hair fairly curls;
She's the boss of a stenograph office
And seventeen typewriter girls!

Douglas Dunn.

DE BERNBRUCH.



(Series finished on next page.)
TARLINER.



Illustration by E. M. C. C. C.

THE PROFESSOR — Does your daughter get dis remarkable talent from you or from you' husband?
AUNT DINAH — From both sides of the house, professor. Her fader done hab de sole dustin' of Massa Crawford's pictures fo' five yehs, and I've done stood fo' a' artist what has drawed me off on several different occasions.

KETBLE.

EDDY.



THESE NEW YORK TYPES WE MEET EVERY DAY.

THE USUAL WAY.

Miss ASKINGTON — How do married men kill time?
AUNT SARAH — With their clubs, mostly.

HOSE FOR ROSE'S TOES.

When my dainty fairy Rose
Sits and contemplates her toes—
Educated toes, I ween—
Those of my capricious queen;
Well she knows what Rose says
goes,
When she tilts her little nose;
But I wonder does she think
Of the blooming lot of chink
I blow in for silken hose—
Hose for Rose's dainty toes.

Douglas Dunn.



Little Antipodean—Gee! I can't catch that bird. He hasn't any tail!

DIRKS,

A BIGGER RESULT.

ROD—Zsazy (hie), ol' fel', how many (hic) fish we caught?
REEL—You count them; you're drunk-er than I am.

HURRY!

THE WIFE—Oh, John, I'm so glad you've come. Baby's so sick. Run for the doctor. But no, not yet. Wait a few minutes. THE HUSBAND—Why wait?
THE WIFE (faintly)—I don't believe he has had time to get home yet.

UNDESIRABLE GUESTS.

TENDERFOOT TIM—Why have they canvas partitions at the Arizona Hotel?

PATHFINDER PETE—So that stray bullets won't find board and lodging there.

Most people think it is more blessed to give than to receive advice.



4. "And this is worse."



5. "God darn it!"



6. "Guess I'll stand up anyhow."

A CONCESSION TO RESPECTABILITY.

BY CORA S. CARPENTER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—MRS. VAN VANSON VUYLER (anywhere beyond thirty-five); MR. JABBIR (anywhere under twenty-three); DAVIS (butler to Mrs. V. V. V.).

THE morning-room of MRS. VAN VANSON VUYLER. MRS. V. V. V. is discovered upon a couch reading the morning paper. She is dressed in a purple tea-gown. In the foreground is a table piled high with notes.

Enter DAVIS (in livery of deepest mourning, bearing a tray filled with letters).

MRS. V. V. V. (glancing up from paper)—What, Davis! More of them?

DAVIS—The morning post, ma'am.

MRS. V. V. V. (waving her hand toward the table and looking back at the paper)—Put them with the others Davis.

DAVIS (laying the papers down)—Mr. Jabbir is below, ma'am.

MRS. V. V. V.—Show Mr. Jabbir up, Davis. And, Davis not at home to anyone else.

DAVIS—Yes, ma'am.

Exit Davis.

MRS. V. V. V. rises and touches her hair lightly before a glass.

DAVIS (in doorway)—Mr. Jabbir.

Enter MR. JABBIR. He closes the door and advances with extended arms.

MR. JABBIR (passionately)—Eleanor!

MRS. V. V. V. (retreating before him)—Now, don't be silly!

MR. JABBIR (continuing to advance and growing more impassioned)—At last!

MRS. V. V. V. (growing disconcerted)—At last! What's the matter?

MR. JABBIR—At last you are free. At last he is gone. Ah! Eleanor, though it may seem—

MRS. V. V. V. (visibly relieved)—Oh, is that all?

MR. JABBIR (in turn disconcerted)—Is that all?

MRS. V. V. V.—He never made much difference.

MR. JABBIR—But now I can call you mine openly. Before the world I can—

MRS. V. V. V.—What's the use? The world doesn't suspect any more than he did.

MR. JABBIR—But surely, now, after an interval—

MRS. V. V. V. (coquettishly)—Dear boy, there needn't be any interval. Davis has orders to admit no one.

MR. JABBIR—But surely you'll marry me now?

MRS. V. V. V. (advancing and taking his face between her hands and kissing him)—I repeat, dear boy, what's the use?

MR. JABBIR (disengaging himself and walking away)—What's the use? What's the use? You're heartless! Cruel! You never meant to

marry me. I see it all now. You deceived me. You never really loved me. I was merely a passing whim. You intended all along to cast me off as soon as your fancy wearied. Ah, cruel! (He sobs.)

MRS. V. V. V.—There, there, dear boy! Don't give way so. I love you! You must know it. And why marry, when we can be just as happy and yet free—?

MR. JABBIR—Happy! Yes; happy as the



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MAUDE ADAMS

as the Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, in Rostand's superb tragedy "L'Aiglon," in which Sarah Bernhardt is also scheduled to appear at the Garden Theatre. This is the most ambitious effort of Miss Adams's career, and critics generally praise her work in its entirety.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

NINA DE LINSEY,

One of the popular ballet dancers in the grand opera performances
at the Metropolitan Opera House.

bird in the gilded cage. What if the truth were known? What if the men at the club should know? How they would scoff! The plaything, the mere toy of a woman. I have loved not wisely but—

MRS. V. V. V.—What of it? You've plenty of company. There's Harry—

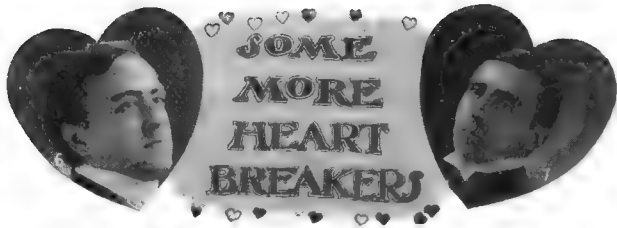
MR. JABBIR—Ah, yes, Perhaps men of his sort may be satisfied with that sort of

life. As for me, I shall kill myself at once. *He approaches her and puts his arms about her. He looks earnestly into her face.*

MR. JABBIR (pleadingly)—Won't you make an honest man of me?

An interval of fifteen minutes.

MRS. V. V. V. (languidly)—Mind, dear boy, it's to be a church wedding.



Photos by Sarony, New York.

1. Chauncey Olcott. 2. Eric Scott. 3. Richard Sterling. 4. Herbert Kelcey.
5. Charles Stevenson. 6. Robert Edeson. 7. E. H. Sothern.

THE RED SOUBRETTE'S ADVICE TO MABELLE.

THE QUESTION.

MONTREAL, NOV. 1, 1900.

My Dear Sou :

You seem to be so decidedly clever, and write so knowingly and entertainingly, that a few of us girls have come to the conclusion that you certainly would be the most adequate arbitrator to settle an all-important argument. I am a New York girl visiting here in dear old Canada, and the other evening quite a heated dispute took place on the subject of which I am writing, and I maintain that I am correct. Here it is :

Who are the three handsomest actors on the American stage? (N. B.—Not the three that think they are, for Lord knows they are legion.)

Floradora has it that George Howard, Charles Richman and Frank Worthing lead in this respect; but Clara and I have registered Edward Morgan, Charles Ross (I know he won't like this), and Harry Woodruff (who won't mind, I am sure) as the most fit for this exalted honor.

Now, dear Sou (I am going to be as familiar as Lillian Russell or Foxhall Keene, whom you have interviewed, because I have been reading your clever witticisms so long that I feel we are fast friends), will you not kindly help us out of this most difficult and perplexing problem and say whom you consider correct. Now, Sou, if you would only write an article on this vital subject, I am sure it would be read with the keenest interest by all the girly-girls from Sandy Hook to Quebec City.

Your Editor in last month's issue had a paragraph to the effect that BROADWAY readers should write their suggestions. Here's mine.

The girls are simply consumed with feverish anxiety for the coming of next month's BROADWAY MAGAZINE, in order that we may learn your decision.

With every good wish for the deserved success of the BROADWAY (the only magazine), I remain,

Very sincerely,

MABELLE.

(I used to spell it simply Mabel, but since Mabel Gillman has gone and "done it" by ornamenting her name with a few extra curves, I consider myself entitled also to a similar decoration of my original appellation.)

THE ANSWER.

Dear Mabelle.

Sa-ay, who told you that I was giving good advice to bad girls with red hair and a longing for matinee heroes? I don't pretend to know just what kind of advice you like to receive up in Montreal, so I'm going to give you the kind that is handiest.

In the first place, what's the good of being a referee unless, like the gentlemen who act at prize fights, you are paid for being abused when you decide against the loser. However,

TALES BY THE PRESS AGENT.

"THE Bifurcated Girl" is the latest addition to the family of stage damsels, such as "The Girl With the Auburn Hair," "The Cadet Girl," "The Casino Girl," "The Runaway Girl," and many others. The newcomer is a child of the vaudeville stage, and,



MINNIE ALLEN.

as impersonated by Minnie Allen, is an enticing and pretty little person now meeting with great success in a sketch by that name, written by Claxton Wilstach, a well-known theatrical business manager, one of the trio of Wilstachs prominent in the profession. The title does not refer to divided skirts, but it is applied through its other meaning, given by Webster as "cleft in twain." Tottie Makegood from Kankakee is being coached by an old-school actor for the stage. He recalls that it was in vogue thirty years ago for the leading lady to appear in two pieces. He goes that one better by cutting his pupil in two at the waist with a sword and causes her to appear in two pieces at the same time. By a clever device the two parts of the girl are seen to execute lively movements in different parts of the stage. Will H. Murphy, a clever young eccentric actor, supports Miss Allen in this novel skit.

you seem to display a yearning desire to know whether George Howard, Charles Richman and Frank Worthing are more beautiful than Edward Morgan, Charlie Ross and Harry Woodruff.

Honest, that is a problem that would take the united brains and years of experience of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Laura Jean Libby and Lydia Pinkham to solve in one jump. Personally, I dote on George Howard's mouth, love Charlie Richman's voice, and am inspired by Frank Worthing's artistic gray hair. But then, also, I think Ed Morgan is great, Charlie Ross clever, and Harry Woodruff cute.

But, sa-ay, don't make a mistake about it, Mabelle, these are not the only peaches in the basket. Just take a long, good look at the heartbreakers I have gathered for your benefit and that of your sisters in Toronto and Waukesha, Wis. There is Chauncey Olcott, with his sweet tenor voice and his bad acting; Eric Scott, with his jaunty yachting cap; Richard Sterling, smooth as a piece of velvet; Herbert Kelcey, who was nicknamed "The Man with the Patent Leather Hair" some years ago by Alan Dale; Charles Stevenson, who is leading man to the red-headed Carter; Robert Edeson, who won your hearts in "The Little Minister," and E. H. Sothern, who has gone in for a course of Shakespeare.

Isn't that a bunch to make you want to leave mother and home? Every one of them, my dear Mabelle, has some claim on your affections, and would have good reason to believe he was slighted if you did not consider him in the same breath with Charlie Richman and the rest.

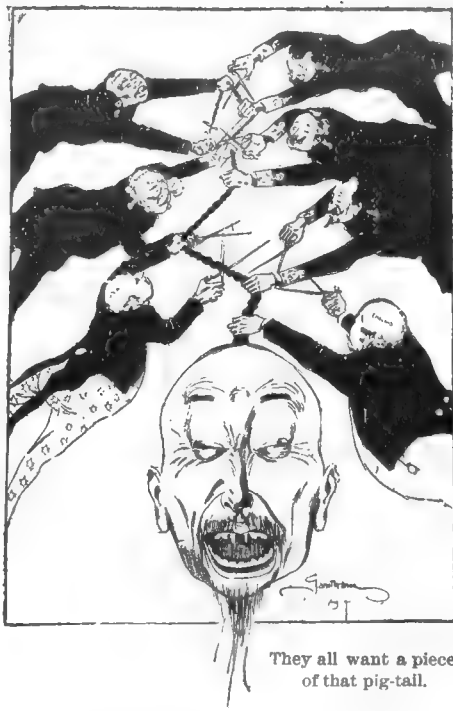
Mabelle, please don't forget a very important thing that most girls never seem to think of when an actor is in question. Actors marry, just like other folk, and, as a matter of fact, four of those you mention have been led as willing and blushing bridegrooms to the altar.

Chauncey Olcott was married in the misty past; Herbert Kelcey left a wife in England years ago; Charles Stevenson married Kate Claxton away back in the seventies; Ellen Burg is Mrs. Robert Edeson, and Virginia Harned is Mrs. E. H. Sothern.

Now, what are you going to do about it? No doubt, my dear Mabelle, all this might have been changed had the gentlemen mentioned known you in time. But as few of them care to go to jail for bigamy, even for your sweet sake, I am afraid you will have to worry along as you are for the present.

Sa-ay, whenever you need any cake receipts or advice as to the best way of keeping diamonds in an ice-box, be sure to send to

THE RED SOUBRETTE.



They all want a piece of that pig-tail.

THE WONDERFUL AGOUSTS

A DESCRIPTION OF THE JUGGLING PANTOMIMISTS AND THEIR STRANGE ACT.

THE Agoust family have made a great hit under Frank McKee's management. Their comic performance has been familiar all over Europe for some years. Some of their tricks are familiar, but it is the ensemble work, as well as the absolute perfection with which everything is done, that makes them so very remarkable.

The scene is the private supper-room of a

lanc, wearing the medal of the Legion of Honor, and upon his arm an extremely piquant and pretty little brunette, with a toilet as chic and elaborate as any to be seen at the opera.

Every course is juggled by the waiters. Rolls are fired like rifle-balls from hand to hand across the room. A huge tureen revolves over and over again in the air, while



THE CELEBRATED AGOUST FAMILY,

Imported by Frank McKee to appear in his comedy production, "The Star and Garter."
The Agousts do a novel juggling act in a restaurant scene.

famous New York restaurant. The staging is elaborate; the appointments, from china and silver to the wine coolers, absolutely correct. A very imposing head waiter superintends the setting of the table by a dignified and well-trained assistant. Plates, cups, saucers, knives, forks, ornamental lamps, napkins and all the table paraphernalia are flung by one man to the other, until the air seems full of these inanimate objects, each being correctly placed with incredible rapidity.

Then enter the couple who are to dine—a distinguished and faultlessly attired old gal-

the waiter balances the ladle upon his nose. Suddenly it is uncovered upon the table and found to be full of steaming soup.

The lady is at first vexed and then amused by the unconventional service. Suddenly a caprice seizes her, and she begins to juggle her fan, her napkin-ring, the knives and spoons, whatever comes within reach. Her escort's annoyance gradually melts away. His dignity relaxes, and, in a languid, matter-of-fact way, as if it was the most natural thing to do when supping privately with a lady, he, too, leisurely proceeds to the deft manipulation of anything he can lay hands on.



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STUDY OF AN INDIAN GIRL WHO POSES IN THE NEW YORK STUDIOS.

Reproduced exclusively in BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

A striking incident is the juggling of four oranges by each member of the nimble-fingered quartet. The sixteen oranges perform the most intricate aerial movements and seem mixed in hopeless confusion, and they are so adroitly handled that it seems to be raining a torrent of the golden fruit.

As the spirit of the frolic increases, the fun grows wilder and wilder. The air is full of table utensils, champagne bottles, baskets, lamps, chairs, bric-à-brac, flower-pots, everything, in fact, large and small, that the hand can seize upon; and, as a sen-

sational finish, two of the men throw plates across the room at the third. It is exactly as if a stream of plates were being fired out of a Gatling gun—were such a thing possible—the receiver catching them with both hands, never missing one.

The ease and certainty with which all the work is done, and the fact that the performers, men and women, are all equally adepts, makes this a very wonderful act. And then, too, it has style and finish, and the pantomime is clever, quite apart from the digital dexterity shown by the Agousts.

RUDYARD KIPLING ON AMERICAN GIRLS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The world's greatest living writer has had much of interest to say regarding the American girl. Kipling is never dull. The American girl is a fruitful theme. Therefore, read these cullings from Kipling—the Kipling who wrote letters to his Indian newspaper fifteen years ago—and learn many things of the most attractive bit of femininity on earth. It is pleasant to note that Mr. Kipling married a Vermont girl.

I AM hopelessly in love with about eight American maidens—all perfectly delightful till the next one comes into the room. O-Toyo was a darling, but she lacked several things; conversation for one. You cannot live on giggles. She shall remain unmoved at Yagasaki while I roast a battered heart before the shrine of a big Kentucky blonde who had for a nurse, when she was little, a negro "mammy." By consequence she was welded

"A BIG KENTUCKY BLONDE."

on to Californian beauty, Paris dresses, Eastern culture, European trips, and wild Western originality, the queer dreamy superstitions of the negro quarters; and the result is soul-shattering. And she is but one of many stars. Item: a maiden who believes in education and possesses it, with a few hundred thousands to boot, and a taste for slumming. Item: the leader of a sort of informal salon where girls congregate, read papers, and daringly discuss metaphysical problems and candy—a sloe-eyed, black-browed, imperious maiden. Item: a very small maiden, absolutely without reverence, who can in one swift sentence trample upon and leave gasping half a dozen young men. Item: a millionairess, burdened with her money, lonely, caustic, with a tongue keen as a sword, yearning for a sphere, but chained up to the rock of her vast possessions. Item: a typewriter-maiden earning her own bread in this big city, because she doesn't think a girl ought to be a burden on her parents. She quotes Théophile Gautier, and moves through the world manfully, much respected, for all her twenty inexperienced summers. Item: a woman from Cloudland who has no history in the past, but is discreetly of the present, and strives for the confidences of male humanity on the grounds of "sympathy." (This is not altogether a new type.) Item: a girl in a "dive," blessed with a Greek head and eyes that seem to speak all that is best and sweetest in the world. But woe is me!

"A GIRL IN A DIVE."

She has no ideas in this world or the next, beyond the consumption of beer (a commission on each bottle), and protests that she sings the songs allotted to her nightly with no more than the vaguest notion of their meaning.

Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating for all their demure-

ness the damsels of France clinging closely to their mothers, and with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place, and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian "spin" in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever; they can talk. Yea, it is said that they think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing. They are original, and look you between the brows with unabashed eyes as a sister might look at her brother. They are instructed in the folly and vanity of the male mind, for they have associated with "the boys" from babyhood, and can discerningly minister to both vices, or pleasantly snub the possessor. They possess, moreover, a life among themselves, independent of masculine associations. They have societies and clubs and unlimited tea-fights where all the guests are girls. They are self-possessed without parting with any tenderness that is their sex-right; they understand; they can take care of themselves; they are superbly independent. When you ask them what makes them so charming, they say:

"THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES."

"It is because we are better educated than your girls, and—and we are more sensible in regard to men. We have good times all round, but we aren't taught to regard every man as a possible husband. Nor is he expected to marry the first girl he calls on regularly."

In America the tow is soaked in a solution that makes it fire-proof, in absolute liberty and large knowledge; consequently accidents do not exceed the regular percentage arranged by the Devil for each class and climate under the skies.

"ACCIDENTS DO NOT EXCEED THE REGULAR PERCENTAGE."

But the freedom of the young girl has its drawbacks. She is—I say it with all reluctance—irreverent, from her forty-dollar bonnet to the buckles on her eighteen-dollar shoes. She talks flippantly to her parents and men old enough to be her grandfather. She has a prescriptive right to the society of the Man who Arrives. The parents admit it. This is sometimes embarrassing, especially when you call on a man and his wife for the sake of information, the one being a merchant of varied knowledge, the other a woman of the world. In five minutes your host has vanished. In another five his wife has followed him, and you are left with a very charming

maiden, doubtless, but certainly not the person you came to see. She chatters, and you grin; but you leave with the very strong impression of a wasted morning. This has been my experience once or twice. I have even said as pointedly as I dared to a man: "I came to see you." "You'd better see me in my office, then. The house belongs to my women-folk—to my daughter, that is to say." He spoke the truth.

* * *

And what more remains to tell? I cannot write connectedly, because I am in love with all those girls aforesaid, and some others who do not appear in the invoice.

**"THE TYPE-
WRITER GIRL IS
AN INSTITU-
TION."**

The typewriter girl is an institution of which the comic papers make much capital; but she is vastly convenient. She and a companion rent a room in a business quarter, and copy manuscript at the rate of six annas a page. Only a woman can manage a typewriting machine, because she has served apprenticeship to the sewing-machine. She can earn as much as a hundred dollars a month, and professes to regard this form of bread-winning as her natural destiny. But, oh, how she hates it in her heart of hearts! When I had got over the surprise of doing business with and trying to give orders to a young woman of coldly clerkly aspect, intrenched behind gold-rimmed spectacles, I made inquiries concerning the pleasures of this independence. They liked it—indeed, they did. 'Twas the natural fate of almost all girls—the recognized custom in America—and I was a barbarian not to see it in that light.

"Well, and after?" said I. "What happens?"

"We work for our bread."

"And then what do you expect?"

"Then we shall work for our bread."

"Till you die?"

"Ye-es—unless—"

"Unless what? A man works till he dies."

"So shall we"—this without enthusiasm—"I suppose."

Said the partner in the firm audaciously: "Sometimes we marry our employers—at least, that's what the newspapers say." The hand banged on half a dozen of the keys of the machine at once. "Yes, I don't care. I hate it—I hate it, and you needn't look so!"

**"SOMETIMES WE
MARRY OUR
EMPLOYERS."**

The senior partner was regarding the rebel with grave-eyed reproach.

"I thought you did," said I. "I don't suppose American girls are much different from English ones in instinct."

"Isn't it Théophile Gautier who says that the only differences between country and

country lie in the slang and the uniform of the police?"

Now, in the name of all the gods at once, what is one to say to a young lady (who in England would be a Person) who earns her own bread, and very naturally hates the employ, and slings out-of-the-way quotations at your head? That one falls in love with her goes without saying; but that is not enough.

A mission should be established.

* * *

There was a maiden—a very trim maiden—who had just stepped out of one of Mr. James's novels. She owned a delightful

**"A VERY TRIM
MAIDEN."**

mother, and an equally delightful father, a heavy-eyed, slow-voiced man of finance. The parents thought that their daughter wanted change. She lived in New Hampshire. Accordingly, she had dragged them up to Alaska, to the Yosemite Valley, and was now returning leisurely *via* the Yellowstone, just in time for the tail-end of the summer season at Saratoga. We had met once or twice before in the Park, and I had been amazed and amused at her critical commendation of the wonders that she saw. From that very resolute little mouth I received a lecture on American literature, the nature and inwardness of Washington society, the precise value of Cable's works as compared with "Uncle Remus" Harris's, and a few other things that had nothing whatever to do with geysers, but were altogether delightful.

* * *

The faces of the women were not lovely. Indeed, but for the certainty that ugly persons are just as irrational in the matter of

**"ASTO MORMON
WIVES."**

undivided love as the beautiful, it seemed that polygamy was a blessed institution for the women, and that only the spiritual power could drive the hulking, broad-faced men into it. The women wore hideous garments, and the men seemed to be tied up with string. They would market all that afternoon, and on Sunday go to the praying-place. I tried to talk to a few of them, but they spoke strange tongues and stared and behaved like cows. Yet one woman, and not an altogether ugly one, confided to me that she hated the idea of Salt Lake City being turned into a show-place for the amusement of the Gentile.

"If we 'ave our own institutions, that ain't no reason why people should come 'ere and stare at us, his it?"

The dropped "h" betrayed her.

"And when did you leave England?" I said.

"Summer of '84. I am from Dorset," she said. "The Mormon agents was very good

to us, and we was very poor. Now we're better off—my father an' mother an' me."

"Then you like the State?"

She misunderstood at first. "Oh, I ain't livin' in the state of polygamy. Not me, yet. I ain't married. I like where I am. I've got things o' my own—and some land."

"But I suppose you will."

"Not me. I ain't like them Swedes an' Danes. I ain't got nothin' to say for or against polygamy. It's the Elders' business, an' between you an' me I don't think it's going on much longer. You'll 'ear them in the 'ouse to-morrow talkin' as if it was spreadin' all over America. The Swedes they think it his. I know it hisn't."

"But you've got your land all right?"

"Oh, yes, we've got our land, an' we never say aught against polygamy, o' course—father an' mother an' me."

"AUGHT
AGAINST
POLYGAMY."

It strikes me that there is a fraud somewhere. You've never heard of the rice-Christians, have you?

I should have liked to have spoken to the maiden at length, but she dived into the Zion Co-op, and a man captured me, saying that it was my bounden duty to see the sights of Salt Lake.

* * *

And then the same merciful Providence that has showered good things on my path throughout sent me an embodiment of the city of Chicago, so that I might remember it forever. Women come sometimes to see the slaughter, as they

"BRILLIANTLY
SCARLET LIPS."

would come to see the slaughter of men. And there entered that vermillion hall a young woman of large mould, with brilliantly scarlet lips, and heavy eyebrows and dark hair that came in a "widow's peak" on the forehead. She was well and healthy and alive, and she was dressed in flaming red and black, and her feet (know you that the feet of American women are like unto the feet of fairies?), her feet, I say, were encased in red leather shoes. She stood in a patch of sunlight, the red blood under her shoes, the vivid carcasses tacked round her, a bullock bleeding its life away not six short feet from her, and the death factory roaring all round her. She looked curiously, with hard, bold eyes, and was not ashamed.

Then said I: "This is a special sending. I have seen the city of Chicago." And I went away to get peace and rest.

* * *

There were many "little women" in that



From Mr. Kipling's latest photograph.

place, because, even as is the case in England, the boys had gone out to seek their fortunes. Some were working in the thundering, clanging cities, others had removed to the

"MANY 'LITTLE
WOMEN.'"

infinite West, and others had disappeared in the languid, lazy South; and the maidens waited their return, which is the custom of maidens all over the world. Then the boys would come back in the soft sunlight, attired in careful raiment, their tongues cleansed of evil words and discourtesy. They had just come to call—bless their carefully groomed heads, so they had—and the maidens in white dresses glimmered like ghosts on the stoops, and received them according to their merits. Mamma had nothing to do with this, nor papa, either, for he was down-town trying to drive reason into the head of a land surveyor; and all along the shaded, lazy, intimate street you heard the garden-gates click and clash, as the mood of the man varied, and bursts of pleasant laughter where three or four—to be sure, the white muslins were among them—discussed a picnic past or a buggy drive to come. Then the couples went their ways and talked together till the young men had to go at last on account of the trains, and all trooped joyously down to the station and thought no harm of it.

And, indeed, why should they? From her fifteenth year the American maiden moves among "the boys" as a sister among brothers. They are her servants to take her out riding—which is driving—to give

her flowers and candy. The last two items are expensive, and this is good for the young man, as teaching him to value friendship that costs a little in cash, and may necessitate economy on the cigar side. As to the

**"SHE IS TAUGHT
TO RESPECT
HERSELF."**

maiden, she is taught to respect herself, that her fate is in her own hands, and that she is the more stringently bound by the very measure of the liberty so freely accorded to her. Wherefore, in her own language, "she has a lovely time" with about two or three hundred boys who have sisters of their own, and a very accurate perception that if they were unworthy of their trust a syndicate of other boys would probably pass them into a world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

And so time goes, till the maiden knows the other side of the house—knows that a man is not a demi-god nor a mysteriously veiled monster, but an average, egotistical, vain, gluttonous, but on the whole, companionable, sort of person, to be soothed, fed and managed—knowledge that does not come to her sister in England till after a

few years of matrimony. And then she makes her choice. The Golden Light touches eyes that are full of comprehension; but the light is golden none the less,

**"SHE KNOWS A
LITTLE MORE."**

for she makes just the same sweet, irrational choice that an English girl does. With this advantage, she knows a little more, has experience in entertaining, insight into business, employ, and hobbies of men, gathered from countless talks with the boys, and talks with other girls, who find time at those mysterious conclaves to discuss what Tom, Ted, Stuke, or Jack has been doing. Thus it happens that she is a companion, in the fullest sense of the word, of the man she weds, zealous for the interest of the firm, to be consulted in time of stress, and to be called upon for help and sympathy in time of danger. Pleasant it is that one heart should beat for

**"VERY PLEASANT
TO KISS."**

you; but it is better when the head above that heart has been thinking hard on your behalf, and when the lips, that are also very pleasant to kiss, give wise counsel.

WHAT AILED HIM.

EXPERT LINGUIST (at Bloomingdale)—Why, this is remarkable! This man talks in seven different dialects—three Russian-Jewish, two French and two German—all at the same time, besides some English! What is the cause of this phenomena?

KEEPER—He rode from Union Square down Broadway to the City Hall and read all the firm names as he went along.



Photo by Hall, New York.

SAGER MIDGELY,

A clever thirty-three-year-old actor, who plays a ten-year-old boy on the vaudeville stage. He looks like this.

AN ANTIQUE.

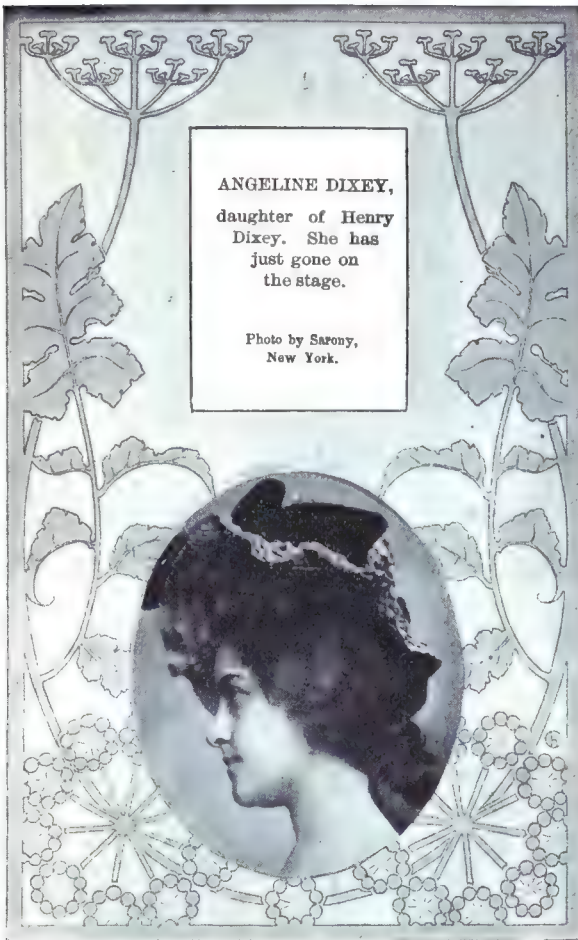
TED—You say you wouldn't marry her because of her past. That's no reason in these days.

NED—It is in this case. I find her past is thirty-five years.

EASY!

THE DEVIL—You don't seem afraid to enter?

ROUNDY ROLLINGSTONE—No; it is a great consolation to know that I have at last found the place to which I have been so often told to go.



ANGELINE DIXEY,
daughter of Henry
Dixey. She has
just gone on
the stage.

Photo by Sarony,
New York.

BETTY'S BILLS.

Like snow, they drift by mail, a
pack,
Prompt in the month's first morn;
Of gold a man would need a stack
To pay for things she's worn,
Besides the time in cabs she's
passed—
It really is a sin!
Each time I vow 'twill be the last
When Betty's bills come in!

Then on my hand her fingers rest,
She stands beside my chair
Like to a culprit found, confessed,
Meek and repentant there.
I look quite fierce, intent to chide;
"Elizabeth!" I say,
And sternly put her hand aside,
"These bills are weird to-day!"

Then Betty's mouth begins to curl
As though she meant to cry,
Like rose-leaves when they first
unfurl
Their fragrance to the sky;
And Betty's lips, like flowers, give
birth
To sweetness, mine to win.
Ah, then I wish I owned the earth
When Betty's bills come in!
DOUGLAS DUNNE.

SINCE "SAPHO."

THE STAR (anxiously) — Do
you see anything about this
costume I am to wear in the
Bal Masqué scene that might
offend the public's sense of prop-
riety? The gown has a train
and is cut high in the neck.

THE MANAGER (decisively) —
That's all right, but I am tak-
ing no chances of their finding
something "suggestive." You'll
have to change it and come on
in straight tights and spangles.

The Bohemians.*

BY GORDON PALMER.

No. XII. (complete in itself). "To the Lips That Are Merriest."

"PARDON me, my dear fellow, but you
are an idiot!"

"And do you imagine you are a pioneer
in that idea, Marston?" said Roberts im-
perturbably, as he walked restlessly up and
down the room.

"But of course you're willing to listen to
reason, particularly when it comes from an
old pal."

Marston kicked a footstool irritably, and
poured out two brandies in quick suc-
cession.

"Well, I'm not so sure of that, when the
pal does not know what he is talking about.
Now, look here; we've been friends for
more years than I care to account for. The
woman in question, your cousin (and that
in itself is a surety for all things past or
present), is a beautiful woman, but that I
cannot consider for one moment the idea of
making her Mrs. Roberts is as unalterable
as the laws of the Medes and Persians."

"Some of your fanatical ideas about not
marrying without seas of love on both

* This series was begun in our issue for January, 1900, and has continued throughout the year.



"Remember, it's the first night of the new play and my dress will be the latest wrinkle."

sides, I suppose," grumbled Marston. "Of course, I grant Marion is of a—er—rather cold nature," he concluded lamely.

"Well, I should not consider hers a particularly tropical one," observed Roberts drily.

"But deuce take it, old man! what do you want?" went on Marston, without heeding the interruption. "There are birth, breeding, and beauty waiting for you, and a father whose only unkind words to you have been because you refuse to accede to his wishes.

"Come, think it over again, old chap—we have all set our hearts on your putting an end to this estrangement between your father and yourself; and do the thing your

friends have expected you to from the beginning. Cheer up, now. Wait until Marion's nature is mixed up with your fiery, tempestuous one; it will warm up a bit, never fear. And even now I think she loves you."

"A glass of wine, eh, old friend?" queried Roberts. "Well, then," with a forced, queer-sounding laugh, "have it as you will, and let's drink to

"The heart that is truest,
The eyes that are bluest,
The lips that are merriest,
And to the wine that cheers!"

* * * * *

"The eyes that are bluest," mused Roberts, as, several hours later, he let himself

into a cosy apartment on the West Side, where a happy, care-free, brown-eyed girl in becoming evening dress, rather boisterously, though warmly, greeted him and chattered forth a torrent of nonsense while her hands searched the pockets of his coat for glittering baubles.

"To the lips that are merriest!" quoted he again, as the small figure danced itself into her dressing-room and, lightly kicking a much-flowered hat from the tall rack, proceeded to show off the latest dance she had learned.

* * *
"You will be there?" she said to him before he bade her adieu. "Remember, it's the first night of the new play, and my dress is the latest wrinkle. Don't look so solemn, and stop asking me to give up the stage. I shall look out for you and see if you've got another sweetheart. Bye-bye!"

The door banged but he could still hear the refrain of a merry ditty.

* * *
The curtain was rising on the second act when a party of five entered one of the upper stage boxes. As the two women seated themselves, Roberts' keen eyes took in the crowded stage at a glance and soon espied a little figure in pale azure blue that whirled itself around in myriads



Photo by Wilson, Chicago.

LOUISE BREHANEZ,
who sings and shows her teeth at the same time. She
is a grand-opera soprano.

of wonderful twists and turns, and as Marston caught his look he smiled.

"Admiring the little danseuse, are you, old chap? Clever little thing, eh? And as good as she is clever, so they say. Here she comes on again for a second turn."

The azure-robed figure stood quite near the blaze of footlights ready for her musical cue, but the brown eyes took in the picture above her, the beautiful, high-bred woman, in whose eyes she read love for the handsome man at her side—love that he had never discovered.

She understood all now—his fits of abstraction when with her, the constant warfare between father and son, and gazing thus, with her heart in her big, brown eyes, the lights before her faded and the music became inaudible.

"Good heavens! Roberts, that girl's dress has caught fire. They are ringing down the curtain. Let's see."

But Roberts had dashed madly out of the box and down to the dressing-rooms below.

"What was the matter?" asked the other occupants of the box when Roberts finally appeared, pale and calm, at the end of the performance.

"The danseuse was severely burned," explained he briefly. "Ladies, I will hand you to your carriage and join you later."



Photo by Sarony, New York.

HAZEL PUGHSLEY.

A smiling member of the American Footlight Brigade, whose picture we publish by special request.

"Old man, I'll come with you. Why didn't you tell me before?" said Marston, slipping an arm over his friend's shoulder, and together they joined the sorrowful little group gathered around a small, lifeless figure, which but a few hours before had teemed with happiness and vivacity.

"To the heart that was truest!" groaned Roberts, and he bowed his head on Marston's shoulder.

THE PHANTOM BULL PUP.

(A FABLE.)

ONCE upon a Time a Young Man was Seized With a Peculiar Hallucination. He was Haunted by a Small Bull pup that Followed him around Everywhere, Even to Church. At Night it Sat by His Bed Watching him. Nobody Else Ever saw the Dog and the Young Man Never Mentioned it When he Found that it Really wasn't there.

But He Often had fun with it When Nobody Was Looking.

Finally, However, He Began to Think that His Optic Nerve was Tangled or that Perhaps a Clot was Forming at the Base of His Brain. So He went to a Great Mind Specialist. The Doctor Asked the Young Man if He Ever Saw Pink Rats or Grinning Red Devils Sitting on His Bedpost. The Young Man Said He Hadn't Noticed Any. Just the Same, the Doctor Advised Him to Visit a Quiet Country Retreat where he Could Absorb Bi-Chloride of Gold until His System was Thoroughly Saturated. The Young Man did so, but When the Pup Had Vanished He Missed It So Dreadfully That he was Taken With Acute Melancholia From Which he Never Recovered.

MORAL :

To Consult a Physician Sometimes is To Look for Trouble. D. D.



From photo by Fredricks, New York.

NORA DUNBLANE, A CLEVER YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS NOW APPEARING
IN "HER MAJESTY."

Miss Dunblane appeared in "Hearts Are Trumps" last year, and made something of a small rôle
that in other hands would have been lost to sight.

A STUDY IN HOMONYMY.

She said: "I do not know."
These words I dreamed she spoke;
That, since it seemed as though
She could not "Yes" evoke,

She said: "I do not know."
'Twas different when I woke—
The language fools one so!—
She said: "I do not! No!"



One of the most fetching scenes from "Mistress Nell." Miss Crosman, as *Nell Gwynn*, is seated at table.

BROADWAY'S LATEST THEATRICAL SENSATION.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN AND HER TREMENDOUS SUCCESS IN "MISTRESS NELL."

By FRANK J. FARMER.

THE greatest success New York has had thus far this season is Henrietta Crosman in the first of the *Nell Gwynn* plays, "Mistress Nell," which was produced at the Bijou Theatre on Tuesday night, October 9th. Miss Crosman came into town unheralded, with very little advertising, and opened on a rainy night. The audience received her with an almost icy silence, but she had not been on the stage five minutes before she demonstrated that she was the most charming actress that had been seen in New York in years.

Probably never in the history of dramatic criticism had there been such universal praise bestowed upon any one as was given this new star. Every critic in New York went into raptures over her, and the woman who, before her metropolitan production, was grudgingly given a scant paragraph semi-annually in the daily press, has since had columns written about her, her success, and who and what she is and was.

The comedy, "Mistress Nell," is one of the wittiest plays that New York has seen in many years, and the combination of Henrietta Crosman and "Mistress Nell" created such complete surprise that the critics were swept completely off their feet. Miss Crosman and her merry play came into the Bijou for a three weeks' engagement, but her success was so great that she was next day given the choice of four theatres in New York, and finally selected the one that seemed best to suit her purpose and where it would be

possible for her to continue her engagement indefinitely. She, therefore, on Monday night, October 29th, moved into the Savoy Theatre in Thirty-fourth street, just off Broadway, where it is expected this new play by George C. Hazleton, Jr., will run all winter.

There are few people who know that Henrietta Crosman was at one time of her life the most promising student of vocal music in Paris. When Miss Crosman was a young girl she had a remarkable voice. It was a perfect soprano, and the best masters in America advised her parents to send her abroad and train her for grand opera. Miss Crosman went to Paris at the age of sixteen and there was put under the care of a master. She studied music in Paris for about a year, and was everywhere referred to as "the wonderful little American." Her range of voice was almost phenomenal, her high notes being particularly fine, and her master predicted a great career for his pupil on the opera stage.

But the little singer's youth was overlooked, for she was a well-developed girl. Her voice had been brought out too rapidly, and one day, while singing in the presence of her master, her voice broke. Then, too late, everyone realized that the little singer who had been the talk of Paris, and who had appeared several times in public, always receiving the highest praise from the French critics, had been rushed along too fast, and it was doubtful if the career predicted for



The *Romeo and Juliet* scene from Act II. of "Mistress Nell," showing Miss Crosmann on the balcony.

her would ever be realized. By advice Miss Crosmann was taken away from France and scarcely allowed to speak, but notwithstanding all the nursing, the voice never returned in all its perfection.

It was very evident, however, that Miss Crosmann possessed exceptional histrionic talents, and she resolved to adopt the stage as a profession. Miss Crosmann's uncle, Stephen C. Foster, the great song-writer, was the only one of her family connected in any way with the stage, and it was to his brother and her uncle, the Hon. Morrison Foster, still an honored resident of Pittsburgh, that Miss Crosmann told her desires. Old John Ellsler was then manager of the Grand Opera House in Pittsburgh, and so Mr.

Foster told the manager, who was a friend of his, that he wanted him to hear his niece, Henrietta Crosmann, recite. A day was set, and so the first words that Miss Crosmann ever spoke on the stage were spoken in the Grand Opera House, Pittsburgh.

Mr. Ellsler and Mr. Foster sat out in the auditorium while Miss Crosmann went through the trying ordeal of speaking a piece. Mr. Ellsler was very favorably impressed, and was the first theatrical manager who realized that Miss Crosmann had a bright future before her, and it was through Mr. Ellsler's influence that Miss Crosmann secured her first engagement in Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" company.



Scene from Act III. of "Mistress Nell," with Nell Gwynn in the background.



NEWSY NOTES & PLAY PEOPLE



May Howard, American vaudeville cantatrice, has bought a house in New York. Such is the tangible value of the gallery gods' love.

Josephine Hall has lost the greater part of the money which was her portion of the



Will A. McConnell, one of the most successful theatrical men in the country, has been the Promoter of Publicity for "Miss Prinnt," the piece in which Marie Dressler began her starring tour.



profits on "The Girl From Paris." Her husband, Mr. Al. Aarons, has not been very successful in his ventures of late.

THE FOOTLIGHTER.



James J. Powers is wanted as a star. A comic opera composer, who has a piece to sell, wants him. Mr. Powers is shy.

Mrs. Leslie Carter has not been obliged to change her name because she has left off the "Mrs.," notwithstanding the threats of her ex-husband's family.



Paul Potter, author of "Trilby," is said to have a new drama ready for delivery.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE was the first publication to announce that Roland Reed would probably never play again. This popular comedian seems to be in a very bad way.



It is likely that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the famous English actress, will be seen in America next year, in spite of all rumors to the contrary.

Alexander Comstock is said to be making money out West somewhere. The man who is responsible for the story has hitherto borne a good reputation.



"The Automobile Girl," as seen by Malcolm Strauss. This is a reproduction of the poster drawn by this artist for the recent Automobile Show at Madison Square Garden.

"CHENTLEMANS,
TO US
AMERIGANS!"

By HERBERT KAUFMAN.

I NOTICED Einstein growing uneasy. His nose—that infallible barometer of his feelings—had turned a livid purple. Twice he made fit to speak, but each time thought better of the matter, until the toast-master announced General Wilson as the last speaker—and then I knew that it was coming. Hardly had the distinguished soldier's words died in the air, when Einstein rose from his seat, and having placed one hand in the bosom of his shirt and gestured the other where the lights could have play upon his diamonds, began:

"Chentlemans, id ist mein honor und brivilege to be bresent in the midle uf your midst dis eafenings. Belief me, dot I speak entirely contemporaneous und mid-out any brebarings. Chustice—chustice, der balm vich spreads its glow ofer der minds uf der world und oder civilizations beebles—gumpels me to rise to my feet in der name uf an Amerigan hero—a soldier und patriotism, a callant chentleman.

"I hef heerd to-night mit swelling eye und broud chest, der heroism deed uf Cheneral Charge Vashington wot mate der first axe-handle of cherry wood efer seed in dis guntry—yes, I hef heerd how on der memrable day ven he vas four hundred miles away he chumped on der back uf his snow-black charger und screaming at der top uf his voice, 'Nefer gif up der ship, poys,' rallied der poys in blue to wictorious annihilation! I am drilled to der heart ven I dink uf der meerac-



Photos by Schioux, New York.

URSULA GURNETT,

A young lady who sings like a gazelle and trips like a canary, or words to that effect.

ulous deed uf Admirals Theodore Roosenvelet, a prave und prilliant Chewish army officer, charging mid his vite squadron uf Ruf Ritters into der harbor uf Santiaga und sunk beneat der vaters uf der Spanish sea der Irish fleed, under Captain Dryfuss.

"Und Grant! Grant, der hero uf der Alamo und der Bittle uf Bunger Hill—Grant vich grossed derfrozed Delaware Rifer on der forteent tay uf August, mid snow und sleet, fell upon der ranks uf der Hessians droopers vile dey vas cellubrating a fort uf Chuly cellubration und, firing denball Roman candles in dere midst, hit dere leader, Cheneral Lee, in der eye, raising ofer der peaks uf der Alps der emblem uf der brave und free as a varning to all tyrants und brinces dat you don't mongey mid der puzz-saw.

"But, chentlemans, you haf committed to mention der name uf der mos d t mistindguished Cheneral vich is in der landt—a hero uf node und renown; a man whose name is singed on efery lip und braised on efery side; whose clory ist so creat dot efery paper in derlandt denotes a cullum uf space efery tay to his habbenings.

"Chentlemans, I hef der honor—I am broud to brobose a doast dis eafening to Cheneral Topics!"

SHE CERTAINLY
WILL.

SHE—A miserable tramp stole one of my pies; isn't it a shame?

HE—Yes, it's a shame that we are to have so much notoriety.

SHE—What do you mean?

HE—Why, you'll have to attend the coroner's inquest.

THE GIRL ABOUT TOWN.

I IT'S a wise child that knows its own mother nowadays, owing to the startling shifting about of familiar landmarks in mamma's make-up.

One month it's sloping shoulders and an eighteen-thirty waist, and then—biff—before one has time to be photographed—it's time to begin all over again, get in shape—another shape—entirely new.

Our Autumn Girl must droop generally, in a slimsy sort of way, and have a fragile flatness about her.

Harry Highball went with me to the tailor's the other day to pick out a frock, and the model walked about to show one of the new gowns in gun-metal gray.

"Ask the young lady to walk toward us," said Harry, "so that we may judge the effect."

"Beg p a w d u n," said the saleswoman; "but she *is* walking toward you!"

Dear Harry didn't know that a new figure was in style. I told him he ought to study the illustrated ads in the magazines more carefully.

This tailor-gown getting is an ordeal. One must be fitted by a man, and he pokes you impolitely and makes chalk-marks all over you, and tells you that one of your hips is higher than it really ought to be, or that you will have to have a pad between your shoulders. Wouldn't it humiliate you?

II We're having trouble in our house on account of mamma's plan of mixing up the nationalities of our help. Mother has always hated servants' gossip ever since Doctor Chargemme has stopped treating her nervous prostration.

So, the result is, she evolved the following system: Upstairs girl, Irish; parlor maid, German; our maid, French; cook, Colored; butler, English. In this way she hoped they would escape any affiliations that might cause them to chatter about our family affairs, which, as mamma says, are sacred. But I don't know!

You see, she didn't take Brother Tom into consideration. Tom always had one desperate flirtation—usually it was mother's maid. Now he has three.

III The house is all torn up. You see, they won't talk to each other, or else they can't talk to each other, and the result is that Tom's perfectly safe.

Of late it's the upstairs girl. We can't get him to come down to his meals. We pretend not to notice, but it's too funny! Last week Tom was frightfully blue. He said he had the grippe; but I knew better. He was jealous of the butler. Nora had refused to speak to him.

THE GIRL ABOUT TOWN.



"THE GIRL ABOUT TOWN."
As seen by one Mike Angelo.



A CIRCUS SENSATION THAT IS COMING TO AMERICA.

This is a pen-and-ink drawing from a photographic snapshot of Fräulein Adele Brauer, a circus rider who is the talk of the Continent. She is a beautiful young woman who has been appearing in a Berlin circus. She is the most daredevil and graceful rider that has ever been seen in the German capital, and the foreign agent of an American circus has engaged her services for a tour of this country next year.

It is a relief to know that no army officer or nobleman has as yet killed himself for love of Fräulein Brauer.



Photos by Ross & Sands and Sarony, New York.

ALICE NIELSEN, COMIC OPERA STAR.
From her latest pictures.

CHICAGO FIELD-NOTES.

BY THE CITY EDITOR.

IT is true the climate still smuts, but that is because the coal is not as hard as the times.

The élite now have their chewing-gum tinted to match their note-paper. The best quality lasts two days.

The girls of this year's birth in the best

families are being named Trilby, in the hope that this may divert attention from the malicious but well-known libel, which has no foundation in fact outside of St. Louis.

An ordinance has been passed forbidding the use of the main avenues in the annexed district for golf-links, as it decreases the quality and quantity of the city's hay. Golf-playing renders a street almost as unprofitable as traffic.



Anna Held's new gowns which she brought over from Paris to wear during her second season in the title rôle of "Papa's Wife."

DISCOVERED—A JOKE.

Veil your visage, starving actor,
Eat your hash unharrassed now,
In the joke-book you're no factor,
Unmolested knit your brow.
Count your ties—rail or connubial—
Wear your hair long, strut and croak,
You are safe now, though proverbial—
We've discovered a new joke.

Kitchen-queen, sobx-om, hearty,
Drop a dinner-set at ten,
Or a tea-set at the party,
It will never reach the pen.
Court the cop and court the butter,
Starve and scold us till you choke,
You'll create not e'en a flutter—
We've discovered a new joke.

Wisdom writhed while wit was writing,
Wit e'en blushed with clumsy grace,
But the world is ever biting,
For a chance to spread its face.
What a howl of mirth has greeted
Wit now taken un-awares,
For this only he's completed—
"It is said the Golf-man swears,"
H. M. G.

GOOD CIRCLES.

"They say that Diggs moves in good circles."

"Yes; saw him moving in those circles one morning about dawn, when I passed his front yard. His club had given a smoker, I believe."



You have probably made up your mind that this also is Anna Held. This is quite right. It is. All from photos by Chickering, Boston.

ANANIAS AT THE LAMBS' CLUB.

BY PERRY WHITING.

HANKEY was a Texan, with a long, sal-low face, mild, twinkling blue eyes, and the smoothest of straw-colored hair.

Hankey was a man of many experiences, according to his own account. He had run a variety show in Detroit with astounding success; he had caused a sensation in St Paul as a comedian; he had practically managed the biggest theatre in Chicago for years, and he had played a Shakespearean season in a Californian mining camp.

"I've never been left yet, and I guess I never shall be!" said Felix Hankey to a small crowd of the Lambs on a certain night that I well remember.

Hankey talked quickly, with a mixture of slang and fairly good English. Once he told us he was a Yale man, but on another occasion that the first twenty-five years of his life had been spent on a ranch in Kansas.

"So you don't know the meaning of failure, Hank?" said Barrymore.

"No!" answered Hankey; "I generally wriggle through a tight place, and, though I've been in the soup, I always came out swimmingly. Talking of failure—say, have any of you boys ever stranded? No? Yes? Have I? I should smile!"

Hankey was in the habit of asking questions and answering them himself, and he usually addressed the Silent Member.

"I stranded in Sacramento once—great place—peaches as big as my head—fact! It was like this," continued Hankey, printing his name in fancy letters on the blotting-paper with a stylographic pen while he talked. "I had toured from 'Frisco with 'The Hankey Wonderland,' but business was bad—nice, clean little show, too. Well, there was Teddy Hopper, his wife, old

Johnson, and myself, with not a cent to call our own—bust up! What could we do?

"Old Johnson wanted to put up *Tom*, for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Teddy had a scheme for getting up a lecture on electric belts—hundred dollar prizes at every show—but it wanted capital.

"Then I thought of a fake to beat the band. You boys ever thought of a real good fake? No? Well, it was just this—the fake of the Jumping Lady!"

Hankey carefully screwed the top on his stylographic pen, tipped his chair back, and smiled blandly on Lackaye.

"Now I guess you've all seen champion jumpers—men who just leap like deer, all muscle and spring? Yes? But a jumping lady! Say, if any of you boys have ever heard or dreamed of a champion jumping lady I'll pay him \$500 right now—plank it down on this table."

The Silent Member took out his cigar, seemed inclined to speak, but changed his mind and went on smoking.

"Well, Teddy Hopper was a bright little coon, and his wife had the courage of Teddy's convictions. Say, I can see us now, sitting, like Congress, in the two-by-nine parlor of the Washington Hotel.

"Wal, what's this scheme o'yours,

Felix?" says old Johnson, with his slow, kind o' lost soul drawl.

"Teddy was all alive with interest, and Mrs. Teddy was eating peanuts and taffy at the same time. She was a cute little woman, with curly hair and an even row of the whitest teeth I've ever seen—and I know, for I once did a big business as an ivory puller myself, but that's nothing to do with the case.

"What do you folks say to rushing the



WHICH IS WHICH?

Here is a photograph, taken by Hall, New York, of Samuel and Richard Bernard, otherwise known as Sam and Dick, who play the rôles of two German Dromios in "The Belle of Bohemia," first produced at the Casino. If you have any knowledge of the brothers, you can answer the question "Which is Which?" and the one whose correct answer is received at this office first will be entitled to BROADWAY MAGAZINE for one year gratis.

novelty of a Jumping Lady on the American public?' I asked. Johnson whistled and Teddy's face was a mark of interrogation.

"I say—great!" exclaimed Mrs. Teddy.

"Then I harangued, and they were spell-bound. Say, they were dazed; they just wilted! Old Johnson was riled; he couldn't see anything in it. But Teddy and Mrs. Hopper were crazy with excitement; they danced, they sang, they—they—just stood on their heads!" said Felix Hankey, gravely.

"But how did you teach her to jump?" asked Billy Crane.

"Don't you understand this thing was a fake?" said Hankey. "Yes, you do? Very well. Now, I'll just tell you how to build up a champion jumper."

"Over the shoulders and down the back to the waist was a kind o' stiff iron and leather brace, same as you wear to be swung about the stage—Puck—that sort o' thing. Then there was a strong, wide girdle, a conglomeration of straps, elastic and wire, all attached to a couple of springs—say, enormous springs—on the hips of the jumper. Well, these springs were connected with two more under the heel and the ball of the foot"—Hankey gave this description at a rattling speed—"and by a sudden pressure of the hips the whole machinery came into action, and she jumped!"

Hankey took breath, and smoothed his fair hair with both hands before he went on.

"Yes, that's so; she jumped! Now Mrs. Teddy was a light weight—about a hundred and five pounds—but she wanted practice before she got



BROADWAY'S MOST REMARKABLE BUILDING.

This is a reproduction of the advance plans of a new thirty-two-story building which will be erected at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-third street. The plans are by Hugh Lamb, architect. The building will be erected by E. J. Lothrop. It will be the highest office building in the world, and will be known as "The Obelisk." It will make the American Tract Society and Park Row buildings look like shanty-town hovels in comparison.



VIOLA ALLEN AS DOÑA DOLORES DE MENDOZA
in "In the Palace of the King," in which
she is starring this season.

the thing down fine.

"Say, I shan't forget the first time she fixed herself up. They loaned us the hotel dining-room. Teddy and I kept guard at the door, and old Johnson stood by the window."

"Now, May, let 'er whirl!" says Ted, and his wife pressed her hands and her heels down on those springs and took a jump at the same minute.

"Say, she cleared a chair easy, but managed to light on old Johnson and just sent him flying."

"Well, sir, we perfected the thing—Teddy and I—in less than a month. Mrs. Teddy was one of the little, wiry girls who take the bit between their teeth and work till they drop."

"Then we bought out old Johnson, and I started on the road as advance man for the marvellous Jumping Lady."

"Where did you get the money, Hank?" interrupted Tom Wise.

"Money!" exclaimed Hankey. "Why, I sold my watch first thing—presentation watch from the citizens of Council Bluffs. I was Mayor of the Bluffs at one time—don't stop my flow of silver oratory!"

"I managed to book a date at the Sacramento Musée, and Mrs. Teddy went immense. Then we got a week at the Bon Ton Theatre, a step higher up. Then back to 'Frisco, and a show at the Orpheum—booked return dates on the first night.

"Teddy and I worked like niggers, and, as for Mrs. Teddy, she was a little peach! We got the most gigantic free notices in the 'Frisco papers. 'Chat with the Jumping Lady,' 'What the Jumping Lady Eats and Drinks,' 'The Jumping Lady in her Peaceful Home,' and all that sort of thing.

"Time went on, and we worked our way to New York, creating a *furor* in every place.

"Say, there wasn't a man jumper to beat her turn, but the old, original machinery commenced to show the result of wear and tear.

"You must make me a new rig-out, Felix," said Mrs. Teddy to me.

"Wait till we get to London, England," says Mrs. Teddy Hopper, for we'd just got an engagement at the Alhambra.

"So we waited. But there was something of a hustle when we arrived there; more than I reckoned on.

"But I set to work at the new apparatus, while Teddy and his wife waited 'round London and saw everything there is to see in that city in one week."

"Oh!" said Vincent Sternroyd; but

Hankey took no notice of him, and continued:

"In consequence of this chasin' and worryin' over London, Mrs. Teddy had no time to practice with the new springs—you should always practice. Say, when I was an organist in one of the New England towns I practiced solid for five hours a day—but that's nothing to do with this.

"Our opening night at the Alhambra arrived. The house was crowded, and the Jumping Lady had the best place in the programme.

"When Mrs. Teddy came out of her dressing-room she looked elegant, in a short, white dress, just sparkling with diamonds; she was obliged to wear high, soft boots, wrinkled like a suede glove, but they didn't look clumsy from the front.

"Felix, I wish I'd practised with these springs. I don't know as I can manage such great, powerful things!" she whispered, as we three stood together.

"Don't be scared," I answered, though I felt a little queer myself; 'you'll just fly over the brougham to-night! Keep cool and press hard—there's your number going up now

—your turn—right on—luck!"

"The orchestra broke into a lively tune and Mrs. Teddy ran on to the stage.

"Teddy and I stood as far forward as we dared. She began with the usual telling leap over the backs of half-a-dozen chairs. Say! I'd never seen her jump so high. It just made me blink! Great Scott! How she flew.

"There was something wrong. I looked round at Teddy. His eyes were just glued on the stage. He gripped hold of my arm



Photoby Harrison, New York.

MARIE DRESSLER, THE JOLLY STAR OF THE "MISS PRINNT" COMPANY.

Miss Dressler is a comedienne, pure and simple, and might justly be called the Sam Bernard of funny women (minus the Bernard picnic German, of course).



WHEN MELBA SINGS.

When Melba sings, a thousand birds
Seem thrilled with song from wing
to wing,
And prisoned in the woman's soul,
When Melba sings.

When Melba sings, the lights sink
down
In jeweled shadows, like a dream
Of heaven merging into night
When Melba sings.

When Melba sings, the heart grows
still,
In glory greater than a king's;
Forgets the woman in the song,
When Melba sings.

When Melba sings, my wife fills me
With flattery and pleasing smiles,
And thus it comes to cost me ten,
When Melba sings.

—Katherine La Farge Norton.

and pointed. I turned again towards the lady—

"It's the new springs!" gasped Teddy. "Look at her! Felix, *she can't stop!*"

"Yes, sir, that was the downright sober truth! I've never seen such a sight—jump, jump, jump! The leader quickened his time, and the audience commenced to laugh.

"But nothing disconcerted the champion lady. Over the table, over the chairs—jump, jump, jump! She cleared the brougham at a single bound! The audience began to shout. We both made a break for the stage.

"We were too late. She leapt over our heads, to the howls of the crowd in front; she cleared the footlights; she was down in the orchestra—jump, jump, jump!"

Hankey had bounded to his feet as he described that extraordinary scene in the Alhambra, but when this point was reached he dropped quietly into his chair and again smoothed his neat hair.

"Well," he went on, "we just gave chase. A man in the front row—good-looking fellow, who afterwards offered me six thousand dollars for my patent of the jumping

springs, but I couldn't sell for a trifle like that—we gave chase, Teddy, he, and I.

"Say! She went down Piccadilly flying! She cleared a 'bus easy at the bottom of Waterloo Place! I nearly caught her myself in the Euston Road. At Nunhead Cemetery the man from the front row sort o' slowed up a bit.

"Come on!" says Teddy, and we came on.

"Say! That was a great night, and those wonderful springs of mine only gave out at twenty-five minutes to five on the following morning. The Jumping Lady was a little bit mad, and Teddy had collapsed on the high road about ten miles back, so the man from the front row and I brought her home by an early train."

Felix Hankey smiled again on the skeptical Lambs, and turned to the Silent Member, who always thought the truth.

"Now, don't you tell me that's all a bluff!" said Hankey. "The Jumping Lady was an elegant fake."

"I believe you, Hank," murmured the Silent Member, "for I was the man in the front row."

HE MUST HAVE.

She was a famous "healer" and she had converted the Major's wife, and at her earnest request the Major had consented to be cured of swearing by Christian science methods. The healer sat on one side of him and his wife on the other, in silence. Each held one of the Major's hands. The minutes ticked into a half-hour, the healer looked

rapt, and finally the Major's wife ventured: "How do you feel now, Major?"

"Like a damn fool, my dear!"

THE POWERS MAY INTERFERE.

KELLY—Troth, th' Inglish hov a lot av har-rdships t' go through yet.

RYAN—They hov thot—iv they don't dis-ar-m Alfrid Austin.



From photos 1, 2 and 3 by Schloss, and 4 by Berry, New York, and design by A. Brewer.

JULIA MCCOY, WIFE OF NORMAN SELBY (CHARLES KID MCCOY), THE FIGHTER.

No doubt you are aware that Mrs. McCoy goes on the stage in support of Marie Dressler in "Miss Print." If you don't know it, you display an ignorance that is woful in its depths and disheartening in its general effect. Of course, you know that Mrs. McCoy accused her husband of faking in the prize-ring and that she has an action for divorce against her one-time loving helpmate. Mrs. McCoy was once very friendly with Mrs. Corbett, but it is said now that they do not speak as they pass by. One thing is certain. Mrs. McCoy has made serious charges against her husband and they haven't been refuted in a very convincing manner.

Gin Fizzes and Things.

BEING NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THOSE FOLK WHO ARE OF INTEREST TO BROADWAY MAGAZINE READERS.

MR. HARRISON GETS SERIOUS.

Lee Harrison is to write a book. Don't deceive yourself; this is really a very important announcement. For several years Mr. Harrison has been coruscating along the length and breadth of Broadway, scattering to the right and left his merry quips and oft-told jests, and never for a moment caring a whit for Presidential elections, the market price of pig-iron, or the disposition of the Philippines. Mr. Harrison is essentially a careless man. He minds not whether it rains or snows, nor has he imbibed any of the seriousness of his boon companion, Mr. Daniel Daly—that is to say, hitherto; but a vast change has come over him. He has seen his stories published with avidity by the city editors, and he has found his jokes told on many a stage throughout the country by end-men and vaudeville teams. "Why not," says Mr. Harrison, quietly but distinctly, to himself, "make use of the tremendous dome which Heaven has given me, turn my thoughts into burning sentences and publish them in book form?" And thus the great literary germ of a new school was planted, and Mr. Lee Harrison in the near future will take his place alongside of Rudyard Kipling, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Dicky Hardup Davis. I admit that eagerness consumes me. I want to see that book.



MR. fAx IS IN TROUBLE!

It is said that Reuben fAx will probably get up a petition, signed by himself and his valet, asking theatrical managers hereafter to leave his name off their programs. Mr. fAx, though an excellent actor and a good fellow, has been wandering through life burdened with a name that everybody insists on misspelling. Even Mr. fAx's newspaper friends, after getting their copy by the lynx eyes of the City Editor, have seen it appear the next morning but apparently booming a man named fOx. Mr. fAx is well-nigh discouraged. His is an honest name. It has been in his possession for many years and the edges are not at all frayed. And yet he can't get anybody to spell his name correctly on a program, in a newspaper, or in correspondence. All of which is sad if not exciting.

JULIA ARTHUR'S AMBITION.

Have you heard that Julia Arthur is to appear in London next season? You will probably remember that London was the first city to recognize Miss Arthur's dramatic gifts. When she played with the Palmer company in New York the critics said she was clever, but the public did not seem to worry very much about her. She went to England, however, and our enthusiasm was aroused via the Trans-Atlantic Cable, which took occasion to tell us at least once a week that Miss Arthur was the biggest hit in England and that Henry Irving considered her a really great actress. Then she returned to America and made her tremendous success in "A Lady of Quality." Miss Arthur has had her eyes on England for a starring tour in a play not produced here, ever since she became Mrs. Cheney and has been able to afford various little luxuries of this sort.



SOMETHING NEW ABOUT LILLIAN RUSSELL.

There are always rumors on top of rumors about Lillian Russell, so that you can take this one with a pinch of snuff. A manager who occasionally tells the truth informs me that he will secure Miss Russell for a starring tour next year in a new opera by DeKoven and Stange. He says that it is only a question of terms, and that he has all the backing required for a most pretentious and lasting tour. He pooh-poohs the idea that Miss Russell has a contract with Weber & Fields covering the season of 1901-2, and asserts vehemently that the blonde singer will be his for at least nine months beginning in September of next year.

If you don't know who the manager is, consult Miss Russell; perhaps she'll tell you.



MR. SAVIN NOT TO MARRY.

I find I am wrong about Frank Savin, Jr. I intimated some time ago in this department that he was to be married to a well-known and unconventional woman of the stage. I find that Mr. Savin, being young, enthusiastic, and not too particular, is still fancy-free, and refuses un-

der any and all circumstances, first, last and all the time, to give up that butterfly existence of which he is so fond. Mr. Savin, therefore, can be put down as an anti-benedict of the most virulent kind.

Incidentally, Mr. Savin still graces Sherry's and Delmonico's with the effulgent light of his winsome personality.

MR. MANSFIELD AS "ROMEO."

I am told that Richard Mansfield has his eye on "Romeo and Juliet" as a Shakespearean production for next year. I do not credit this story, however, for the simple reason that in "Romeo and Juliet" Mr. Mansfield would be obliged to share the stage with someone else, and I don't see him doing that sort of thing just now.

MR. CORBETT, CORPSE.

Jim Corbett is a dead one. There's no question about this. I do not mean that he has lost his nerve or that his muscles have relaxed for all time. I do mean, however, that even his old friends have made up their minds that he is a fakir, pure and simple (and not too pure at that). There was a time when Gentleman Jim would have aroused enthusiasm in any public place. Not long ago, however, I was in a theatre where he occupied a box with his wife. When he entered there was not a single hand-clap, while there were a few hisses in various parts of the house. This proves beyond all manner of doubt that the public will not stand for Corbett for a single minute.

It also proves pretty conclusively that if you are not on the level it would be a good thing not to mention that fact to your wife.

TEARS FOR EDNA MAY.

What foolish rot they are publishing regarding Edna May and her ill luck. There never has been a time within the past four years when there was the slightest prospect of Miss May going hungry. To be sure, when she split with George Lederer, she also gave up a rather weighty salary envelope every week, and was obliged to fall back upon the very comfortable sum she had put aside for a rainy day.

Don't put Edna May down as one of the prodigal little ladies of the profession. She isn't anything of the sort. When you saw her as the centerpiece of a gay little dinner or the shining mark at some semi-artistic theatrical

social affair, she was doing very little worrying about the expenses. You may depend upon it that she was only a guest, and that someone else had to foot the bills.

Miss May undoubtedly thought well over the downfall of Cissie Fitzgerald, who, when her wink became monotonous, lost her theatrical market value, and, having lived a life of careless extravagance, found herself penniless at the tail-end of an abnormal career.

TOM KARL STILL HANDSOME.

I saw good old Tom Karl on the street the other day, and I must say that he looked better than I had seen him for years. He was a little grayer than when he retired from the stage, but he was bright, chipper, and the same good-natured Irishman he was in the days when "handsome Tom Karl" was the most popular comic opera tenor on the stage—bar none.

Karl is said to be a well-to-do man, and the income he derives from his teaching is large.

ALICE NIELSEN, BE CAREFUL.

They tell me that a change is contemplated in the management of Alice Nielsen next year. Just what this change means I do not know, but it is said to be a thoroughly radical one in every way. Nor do I know whether the new arrangement will affect Frank Perley to any extent. I believe, however, that Miss Nielsen will turn a very silly trick if she makes up her mind that she can get along without Mr. Perley as well as she can with him.

MR. NEUMANN IN LUCK.

No doubt for the past few years you have missed the classic features and gray-black hair of Al. Neumann, who was a prominent Broadwayite, a contributor to the German and English press, and a bright particular star at Bohemian gatherings in the West Thirties. Mr. Neumann was also responsible for the adaptation of "My Absent Boy," which was produced four seasons ago at the Garden Theatre. Mr. Neumann's absence is explained by the fact that the Neumanns of Vienna—and I believe there are some barons and such things in the family—are wealthy, and that an aunt died recently and was thoughtful enough to remember nephew Al. Neumann in her will.

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

Christmas Number Broadway Magazine.

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GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

ADVICE TO AMERICAN MOTHERS BY THE EDITOR.

We have not heretofore catered to any great extent to the mother-head of the family. But we intend to do so this month even at the expense of surprising everyone of our readers.

* * *

Some weeks ago the entire country was startled by the horrible work of four fiends in Paterson, N. J. Not a father or husband or brother or sweetheart who read the sickening details did not involuntarily think of a lynching-bee. There was not an American mother in this great land of ours who did not recoil in horror and make up her mind that no daughter of hers would ever be placed in the awful position in which poor weak Jennie Bosschieter found herself on that dark, terrible night.

* * *

BUT WILL THE MOTHERS OF AMERICA REMEMBER THE LESSON? Will they take into their own hands, and at once, the only remedy at their command? Will they see that their daughters are taken from out the reach of the great American masher? There is the whole thing in a nutshell. It is the masher who waylays little school-girls, and ogles their

elder sisters, and who insults honest working-girls and made possible the commission of that Paterson orgy of crime against American womanhood.

* * *

The masher is omnipresent. We have his skulking carcass on Broadway. He revels in his debauchery in other large cities, and skulks in less elegant but equally obnoxious shape in the smaller cities and towns in the country. He has a keen eye, has the masher, although not always a discriminating one. He prefers to make attacks on the luscious lips, the long-lashed eyes, the dainty ankles, the rounded hips, and the voluptuous forms of the beautiful young girls just budding into womanhood. But also he does not allow to go unscathed by the lecherous fire of his lustful glances the young girl whom nature has made weak and sallow and unattractive, but who is still a girl.

* * *

I say unqualifiedly to every American mother that the masher is the despoiler of her home, and the fair names of her daughters. The masher is the initial and weaker form of the ravisher. Mother, don't be squeam-

ish; don't be afraid of making a scene. The moment you are aware that any man in your community is making untoward advances to your daughter, the moment you see any loafer, be he in well-cut tweed or noisome rags, forcing his attention upon your girl, call upon the bystanders to protect your flesh of flesh. Make him feel the tingle of your hand upon his brazen cheeks, and let your daughter see that the mothers of the country are willing to set a drastic example to the young women who sometimes are pliant only because they are weak and because modesty itself is often clothed in a shrinking, blushing garb. But don't stop here! If you know where the masher lives, if you know who are his associates, insist that your husband and brothers shall seek him out and give him such a drubbing that the cur will stand abashed, barefaced and smarting in the eyes of the world, and as will make impossible such a thing as the Paterson outrage that shocked the whole civilized globe.

* * *

And young woman, if you are alone and unprotected, don't forget that a solitary, weak-

INGE-
BORG
BALL-
STROM,
A Metro-
politan
Opera
House
singer of
promi-
nence.

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1900, by
Aime Dupont,
New York.



eyed, sensual masher is not brave enough to stand the onslaught of a daintily-gloved hand, the sting of a few well-directed words, or an appeal on your part to the decent men in the neighborhood. Do not be afraid to call upon the young manhood of America. It stands behind you millions strong, and needs but to know that you require its help in order to come forward and act as an army for your protection and for the protection of your sisters and friends,

To you, mashers! To you human monsters in good clothes! to you unbridled beasts who have not even the excuse of savagery to condone your lustful offenses, to you in all your black sins, I hurl defiance, contumely and the bitter and undying hatred of every decent man in America. As a brother amongst a nation of brothers, I say to you that young American manhood will stand none of your nonsense. Just as sure as there is a Heaven above us and just as sure as there is a manly spark

in the breast of other brothers, death, sure, quick and terrible death, awaits you! Had I the cause I would shoot you down in your tracks or drive a knife straight up to the hilt into your heart, and take the consequences from any twelve of my peers that ever sat on a jury bench. And I have millions behind me! So mashers, take ye off, and remember that you forfeit your miserable life every time you cast your unholy eyes in the direction of spotless American girlhood.



Photos by Downey, London.

MIGNONETTE KOKIN, AN ENGLISH GIRL WITH A FRENCH-JAPANESE NAME.

She is one of the girls who help to make a success of the Edwardes productions in London. She will probably be seen in New York next season, in one of the Gaiety pieces that are coming to America.

HOW I BECAME A CHILD ACTRESS.

BY RUBY ROTNOUR.

I MADE my début in Kalamazoo, Mich., when I was three years old, being handed up over the footlights, the glittering of which frightened me into a babyish fit of crying.

However, my presence was necessary and my pleading was of no avail.

In my fourth year I commenced my career on the road with my parents, Mrs. Laura Rotnour, professionally known as Flora De Voss, and John B. Rotnour, doing child parts and singing lullabies.

I soon took up more difficult parts, such as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and, of course, like all child-actresses, did not escape playing *Little Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Giving good satisfaction in these parts the height of

my ambition was to try "ingénues," though my parents thought it absurd for me to think of such a thing, being then only eleven years old, but they eventually gave in to me.

My first attempt was *Psyche*, in "A Fatal Mistake," in which part I scored a hit.

Since then I have been cast for several minor rôles and featured as juvenile star.

I am thoroughly in love with stage life and enjoy the luxuries of travel. My governess accompanies me and I devote as much time as possible to systematic study, and also find that travel affords me many opportunities of learning.

My ambition is to some day be of more consequence before the public.

RUBY
ROTNOUR.



JUVENILE RUBY ROTNOUR
in several adult poses.



Photos by Barony, Falk, Schloss, and Chickering.

America's Matinee Heroes.*

1. EDWARD J. MORGAN (published by special request).
2. BERNARD SULLIVAN, one of America's sweetest baritones.
3. LIONEL BARRYMORE, son of Maurice Barrymore.
4. J. B. COOPER, an actor of vigorous rôles in the strenuous drama.

* This series of photographs was begun in BROADWAY MAGAZINE in October, 1899, and has been continued each month since.

FIGURES IN THE SEASON'S DRAMAS.

WITH PHOTOS BY SARONY, HALL, FALK, SCHLOSS, AND MORRISON.



MAY BUCKLEY
in "Caleb West."

her advent upon our stage a matter of some importance. Miss Buckley made her first big hit in "The First Born," appearing as a Chinese girl with troubles of her own.

Johnny Page is one of the smallest comedians on the American stage. He is the possessor of a pair of legs beside which the Dewey Arch on Madison Square isn't a circumstance. Mr. Page has been singing, likewise dancing, in "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park."

Mattie Earle plays an elderly person in "Arizona," the Augustus Thomas play which is now running at the Herald Square in New York. Mattie Earle knows how to play middle-aged women very well and, in fact, her middle-aged women are almost as popular in Boston as the underground railroad or the Common it-



MATTIE EARLE
as Mrs. Canby in "Arizona."

self. Mrs. Canby is the name of the rôle in "Arizona."

Ida Hawley revels in "A Million Dollars"—that is, if anybody or anything would be able to revel in this conglomeration of Harrisonian persiflage of the wet-sponge order. Miss Hawley has been called statuesque, which to many people means that she looks well in tights. The picture of her presented herewith, however, is decidedly well and fully dressed. You must take my word for this, as you are treated to a view of only her head and shoulders. Miss Hawley sings, but as she makes her living in that way she



JOHN PAGE
in "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park."

shouldn't be blamed. Miss Hawley, by the way, has hopes. They lie in the direction of the leading rôle in a comic opera now being written for production next season. The principal female rôle is written around her and is said to fit her like a glove. So be it!

Joseph F. Sheehan is one of New York's few operatic matinee heroes. He it was who sang the principal tenor rôles in the productions made by the Castle Square Opera Company at the American Theatre for three seasons. Mr. Sheehan hails from Boston, where he first made a hit in the Castle Square Theatre in that city. When it was



IDA HAWLEY
in "A Million Dollars."



Copyright, 1900, by J. M. Dupont, N. Y.
JOSEPH F. SHEEHAN
as *Lohengrin* in "*Lohengrin*."

followed by the memory of Max Alvary, Jean de Rezske and other grand opera stars. To say, however, that he still retains the good will of his West side friends and has also gained considerable praise from critical Broadway, seems to prove Mr. Sheehan has, in the vernacular, "made good."

Eleanor Robson as *Bonita* in "*Arizona*" plays the part of a young girl who is a product of the wild, free, restless condition of the far West. She can shoot like an Annie Oakley, ride like a Lady Godiva (though, thank heavens, in the name of decency, she does not), and is generally the sort of girl who raises a breeze wherever she appears.

Theodore Roberts in the Thomas play appears in the rôle of *Canby*, a ranchman of much flow of picturesque language and exuberant spirit. Theodore



THEODORE ROBERTS
as the ranchman in "*Arizona*."

announced that Mr. Savage would move his singers over to the Metropolitan Opera House it was not believed that Mr. Sheehan would shine with any particular brilliancy on the boards hal-

Roberts is known as one of the staunch players of the American stage, and if given the proper material, is generally able to give a good account of himself. His *Canby* is long and lank and lean and blustering, and exactly the sort of man you would expect to see as the presiding head of an Arizona cattle

ranch. It might also be added that Mr. Roberts wears a sombrero and carries a rawhide whip which is probably quite necessary under the circumstances.

After theatrical pieces have been tried and not been found wanting on the New York stage, they are sent throughout the country for the purpose of gathering in an additional hoard of dollars and cents. Thus it has been with "*The Telephone Girl*," which is one of the sprightly pieces brought out some time ago at the New York Casino. This year it has been seen in New York but has endeavored principally to win the good-will of out-of-town audiences, in which respect it seems to have met with eminent success. One of the players in the cast who was not seen in New York is Winfield Douglass, a graceful young fellow who, while he uses his feet in an enthusiastic endeavor to wear out the soles of his dancing pumps, also wears a dress suit with an ease and grace that would do credit to Maurice Barrymore.

SHE WORE THEM.

LEVY—I vas out selling suspenders to-day and a little man came to the door and I asked him if he would like to buy a pair.

SOLOMON—Vel, vot did he say?

LEVY—He said "You'd haf to see my wife." She vas de von vot wore de *trousers* in dot family.

IN THE SUB-URBAN SCHOOL.

TEACHER—What is the meaning of "acclimated"?

PUPIL—That is when people have malaria so long that they don't mind it any more.



ELEANOR ROBSON
as *Bonita* in "*Arizona*."



WINFIELD DOUGLASS
in "*The Telephone Girl*."

TYPICAL BROADWAYITES.

TO SAY NOTHING OF A FEW CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.



HELEN BERTRAM.



ALFRED KLEIN.



ADORA ANDREWS.



CORA TANNER.

HELEN BERTRAM is certainly a Broadwayite. She has appeared times innumerable at Broadway theatres, and only recently her name appeared on a local programme. Miss Bertram, who is Mrs. E. J. Henley in private life, is what might properly be called an operatic comedienne, in distinction from the ordinary comic opera soubrette.

Alfred Klein is the small, rotund body who for years was used by De Wolf Hopper as a sort of punching-bag. In other words, Mr. Hopper got the funny lines while Mr. Klein got the jabs, uppercuts and solar plexus knock-out blows. Mr. Klein is at present appearing in "The House That Jack Built."

Adora Andrews has been playing for some time at the Herald Square Theatre, situate several yards from the Herald Building, at the northwest corner of Broadway and Thirty-fifth street. Doesn't that make her a Broadwayite?

Cora Tanner startled the town some months ago by essaying the rôle of a prima donna in "A Million Dollars," at the New York Theatre. Before this appearance Miss Tanner had devoted herself almost entirely to dramas of somewhat lurid quality.

Denman Thompson is a

young actor who recently made his début as a star in "The Old Homestead." It is believed that the piece will have quite a run.

It is said, by the way, that young Mr. Thompson will next season essay the rôle of *Hamlet* and it is confidently predicted by his friends that he will make a hit, as nature undoubtedly intended this player for Shakespearean rôles. Mr. Thompson intends to go to Paris next summer and take vocal lessons, as he has hopes of singing *Faust* in the near future. Maurice Grau says he will be glad to give the young man a chance.

Louis Gisicko is also a member of "The House That Jack Built" company. He has been before the New York public for several years.

Fayne Moore is the ingenuous young thing who was mixed up in a certain unsavory badger case. She went to Europe, joined the Gaiety company, did not capture the town, and has returned to Broadway.

J. W. Edmonston is the treasurer of the Star Theatre. It is said that on a bet once he named within eight dollars of the amount of money that was in the theatre simply by glancing at the house from behind the curtain and making a lightning mental calculation. That's curious.

J. W. EDMONSTON.



FAYNE MOORE.



DENMAN THOMPSON



LOUIS GISICKO.





JOSEPHINE HALL
as she appeared in
the title rôle of
"The Military
Maid."

Photo by Schloss, New York.



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

CHARLOTTE HUNT.

Young, ingenuous and modest—but the glare of the footlights has no terror for this young lady.

LEADING LADIES FOR 1900-'01.

Jefferson De Angelis—Jessie Mackaye.
The Bostonians—Hilda Clark.
Creston Clarke—Adelaide Prince.
Peter F. Dailey—Christie McDonald.
Frank Daniels—Helen Redmond.
John Drew—Ida Conquest.
William Gillette—Maude Fealy.
Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott—Ysobel
Haskins.

John Hare—Irene Vanbrugh.
James A. Herne—Chrystal Herne.
Mrs. Le Moyne—Florence Rockwell.
James O'Neill—Rebecca Warren.
Corse Payton—Etta Reed.
Roland Reed—Isadore Rush.
Otis Skinner—Nanette Comstock.
E. H. Sothorn—Virginia Harned.
Francis Wilson—Madge Lessing.

Broadway Magazine.

SOME REAL BROADWAY GIRLS OF THE AUTUMN.

1. Grace Heyer. 2. Nora Dunblane. 3. Ida Hawley.
4. Blanche Curtin. 5. Grace Golden.

Photos by Schloss, Sarony, and Rose.



HARPER'S FERRY PAPER CO.
HARPER'S FERRY, WEST VA.

EDITOR BROADWAY MAGAZINE,
New York City.

DEAR SIR—Could you tell me through the columns of BROADWAY MAGAZINE whether the carrying of a cane has gone out of style in the leading cities? If not, what sort do you generally run across? Wood and style? If this is not asking too much, I would be glad to see it in an early issue, or any other one that may be convenient to you.

Hoping you will grant my request, I beg to remain,
Very truly yours,

EUGENE BREADY,
Constant Reader.

The foregoing letter was shown to Le Bihan, the well-known cane and umbrella authority of Barclay street, New York, and his answer was: "Rough woods have not been in vogue for eight years, but are becoming popular again. The style is different, however, lightweight sticks predominating with straight handles. Among other woods that are carried by men of good taste are partridge wood, palm, bamboos, penangs and weichsel—all these with light mounting of silver and deep toe-cap on end."

Broadway Magazine.



"OH, THE SNOW!"

Now, that's exciting, isn't it! It's also brilliant according to the standard of the Good Girl's Sweet Songster, or the Ladies' Locket of Luscious Lore, and other publications addicted to holiday numbers. You've seen it often enough, no doubt. But this one's different. She doesn't really care about the snow at all, as that's plainly imaginary. She knows her name is Louise Meyers, that she sings on the French music-hall stage, poses fetchingly when she is paid so much an hour, and that her picture will appear in BROADWAY MAGAZINE. Why shouldn't she smile?

THE PROPER END.

An old darky was trying to coax a rusty looking, ante-bellum mule up to a hitching-post one morning, and had been a considerable time at the task, as the mule had ideas of his own on the subject and only backed farther away at each stroke of the barrel-hoop whip. Finally a gentleman who had

been an amused spectator of the scene came to the rescue.

"Turn him around, uncle, and you'll get there sooner," he said.

"Yes, sah, dat's all right, sah," replied the darky, "but dis is de end I wants to hitch."



RICHARD MANSFIELD AS KING HARRY IN "HENRY V."

"Henry V." is one of the most pretentious Shakespearian productions the stage has ever known. This picture shows Mr. Mansfield in the magnificent ermine court-dress in Act I.



From a photo, copyright, 1900, by B. J. Falk, New York, and design by McGovern.

MARGUERITE SYLVA, A COUPLE OF BIRDS, AND A CRESCENT.

QUESTION.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Please enlighten an ardent and appreciative reader of your magazine on May Irwin's husband—as to whether he is living or dead, his name, and anything else of interest. Yours very truly,

J. C. PROCTOR.

ANSWER.

May Irwin was once the wife of Hugo Toland, an actor who has appeared in New York and on the road. He is a Californian and is said to be wealthy.

A STARTLING FASHION.

A well-known furrier recently advertised: "Attention, Ladies! Muffs and capes made from your own skins."

Broadway Magazine.



"THE LADY OF THE STARS."

That is to say, it isn't quite her name. She has another and it is the dainty one of Marguerite Xavier. You can see that she's French, of course. This picture, sent BROADWAY MAGAZINE by its Paris representative, Frank Lloyd, is generally acknowledged to be one of the most stunning that have been seen in Europe this year. The photo is by Dalmier, of Paris, and the artistic additions are by George McGovern, of our art staff. Marguerite, by the way, acts when she isn't doing something else.

Broadway Magazine.



MLLE. ALICE FREZELLIER, A FRENCH BEAUTY OF THE STUDIO.
From a photo sent exclusively to BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Frank Lloyd, our Paris representative.

MOTHER GOOSE DOWN TO DATE.

There was a piper had a cow,
And he had naught to give her ;
So on his pipes he played a tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
And gave him milk at bag time,
And bade him play another tune,
And be sure to play it in rag-time.

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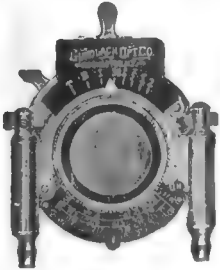


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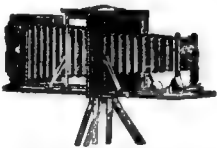
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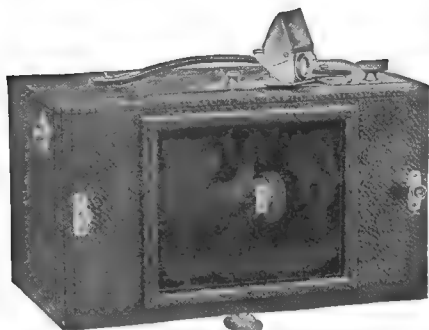
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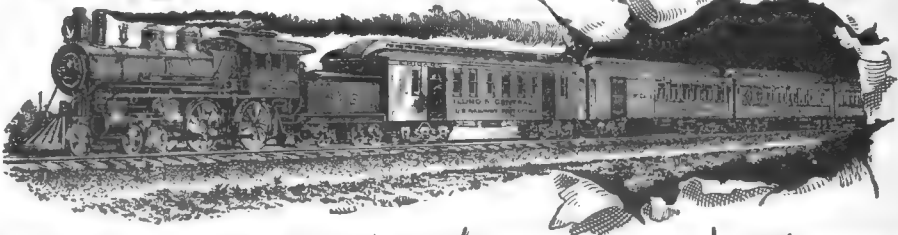
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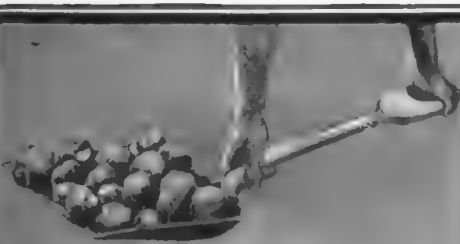
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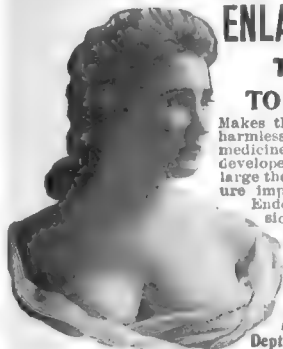
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Broadway Magazine

FOR 1901

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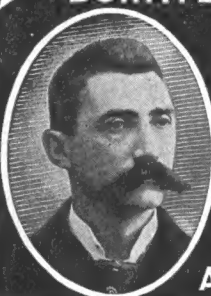
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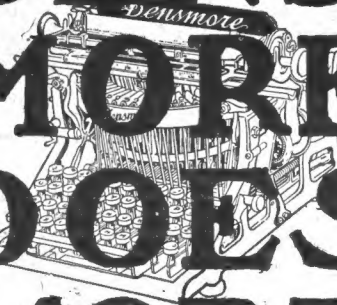
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